

CRACK COMICS

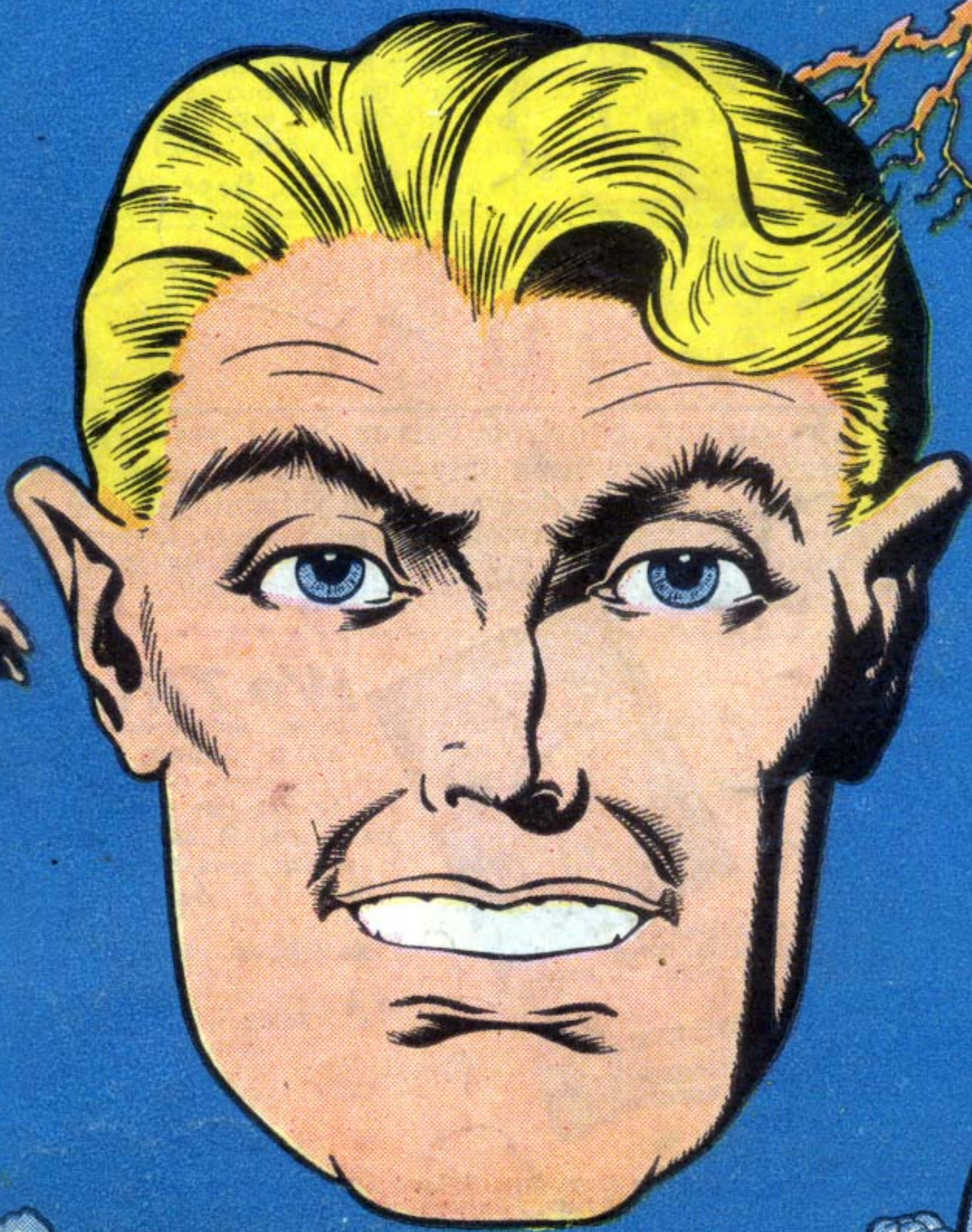
10¢
No. 35

AUTUMN ISSUE

Captain
TRIUMPH

Battles A NEW
AND DEADLY
TERROR!

...The Man Who
CONQUERED
FLAME!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Supply Limited

NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Design RING \$1.95 TEN DAYS TRIAL

The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 141A, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 141A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name

Address

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 City

Ring Size..... State.....

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames:

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 857, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

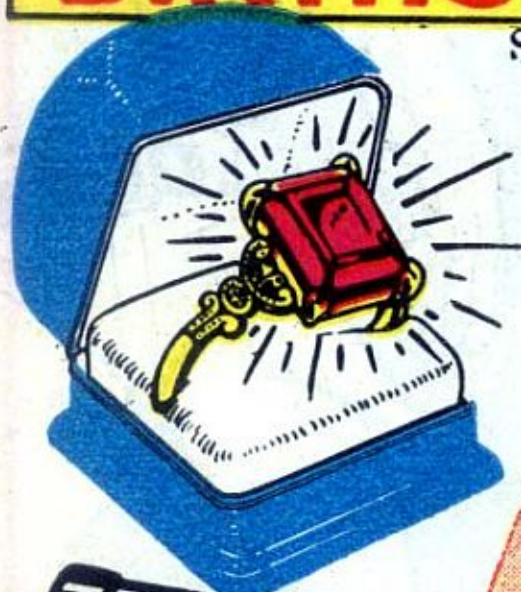
You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 857, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Locket, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.



Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-88 Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-88 Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

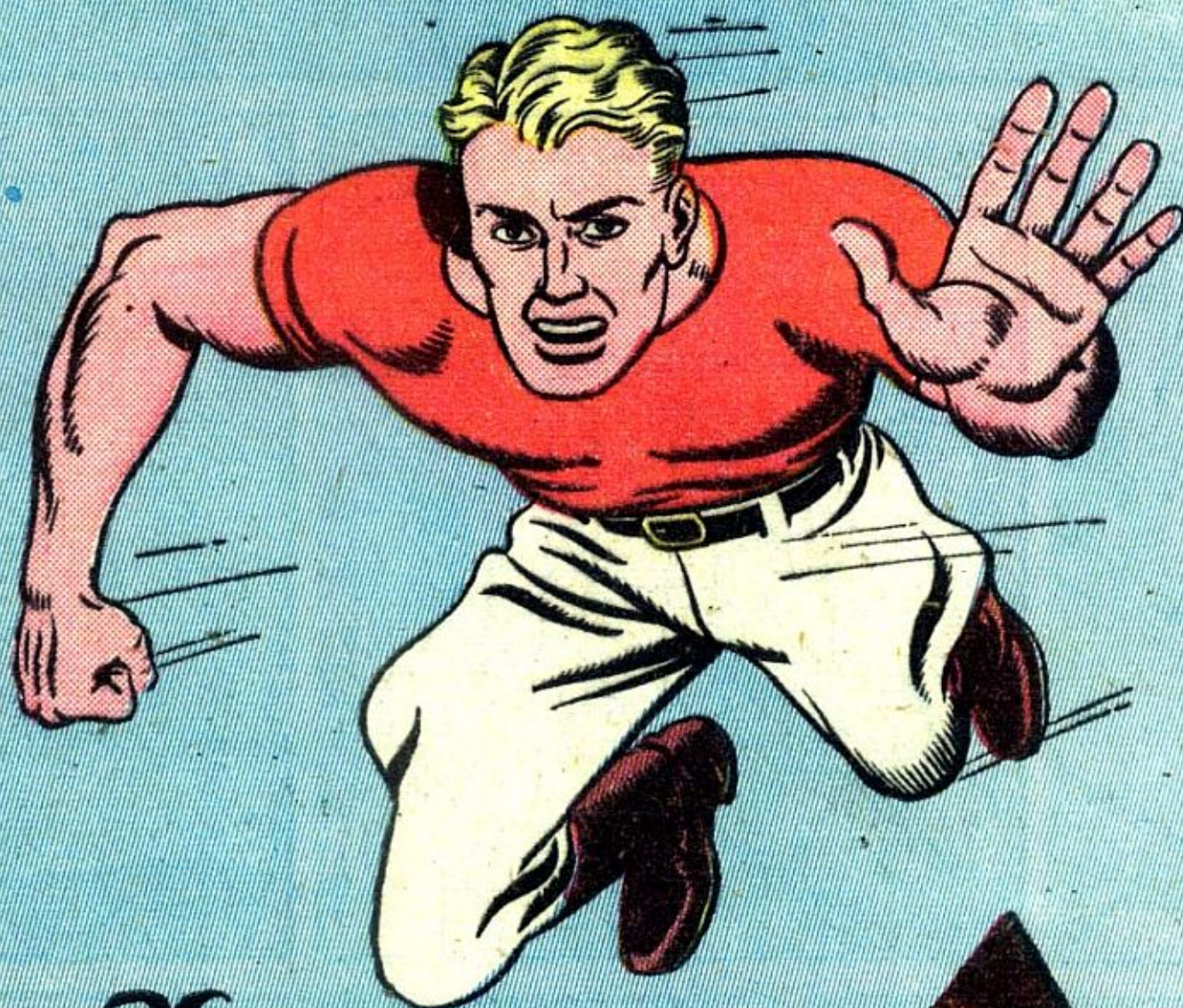
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Gift I would like to have you send me.

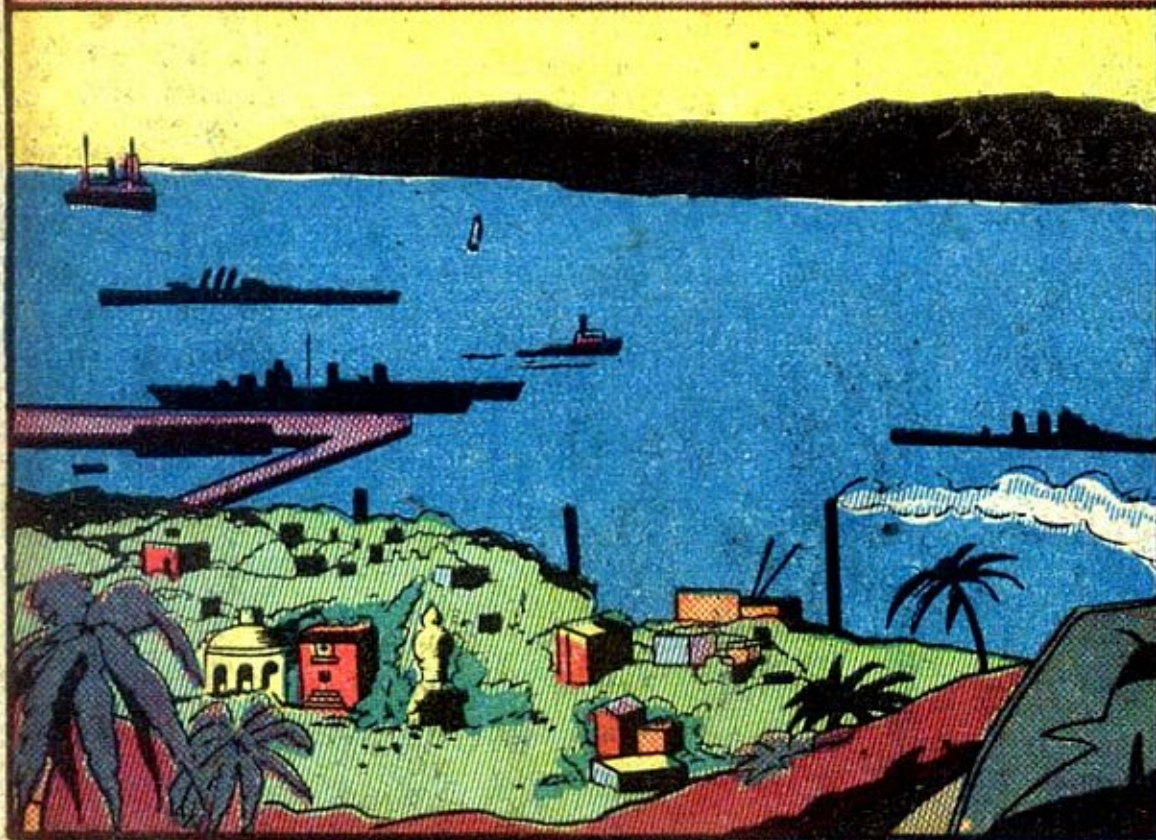
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH



OUT of distant Egypt, fabled land of mystery, came a new and deadly terror! Men died, with flame searing their last breath!... What was the dreadful secret behind the fire-murders that struck behind locked doors?

Lance Gallant, who, with the ghost of his twin brother, Michael, forms the remarkable **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**, sets out on the trail of the flame-killer,... "*The Man Who Conquered Flame!*"

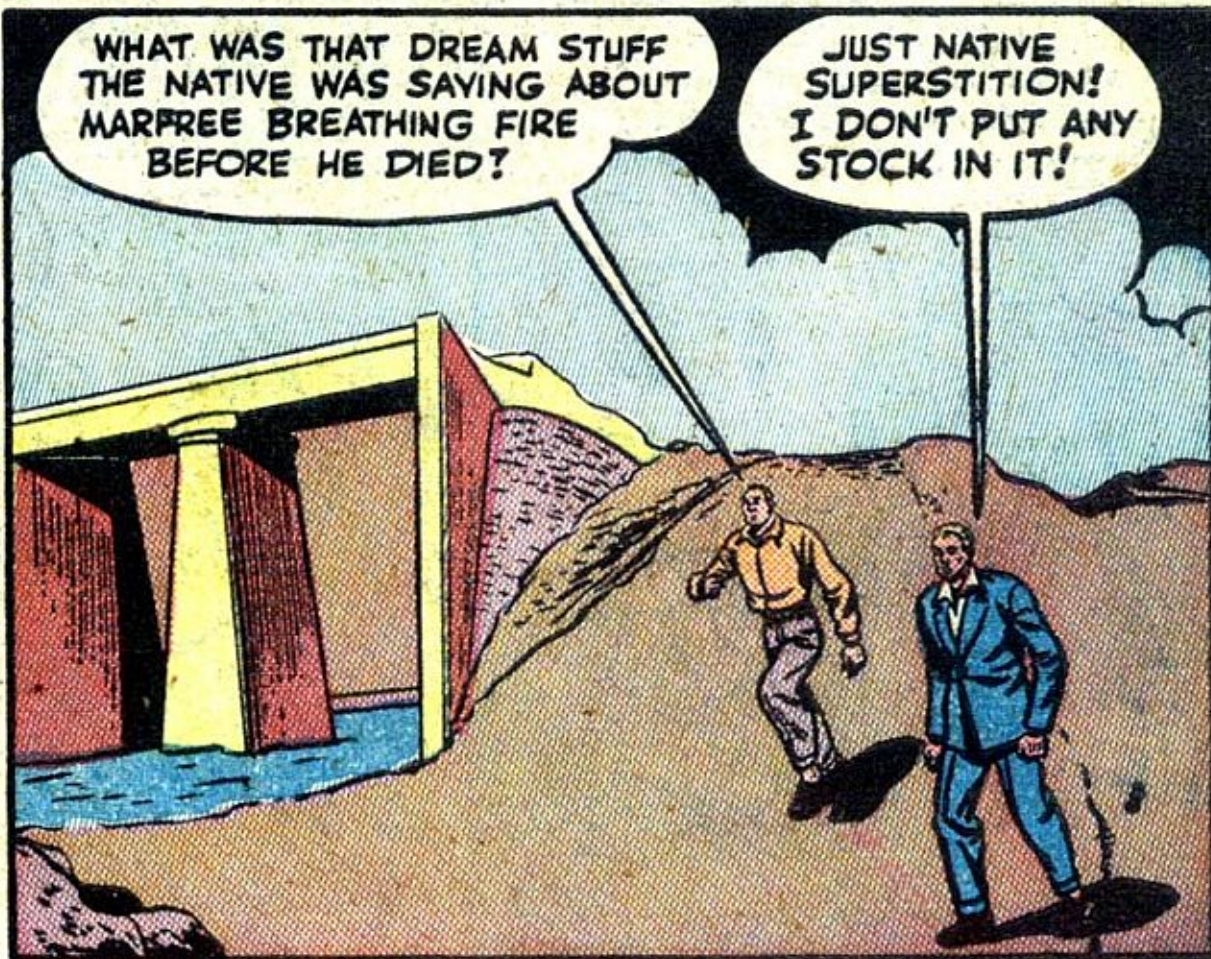
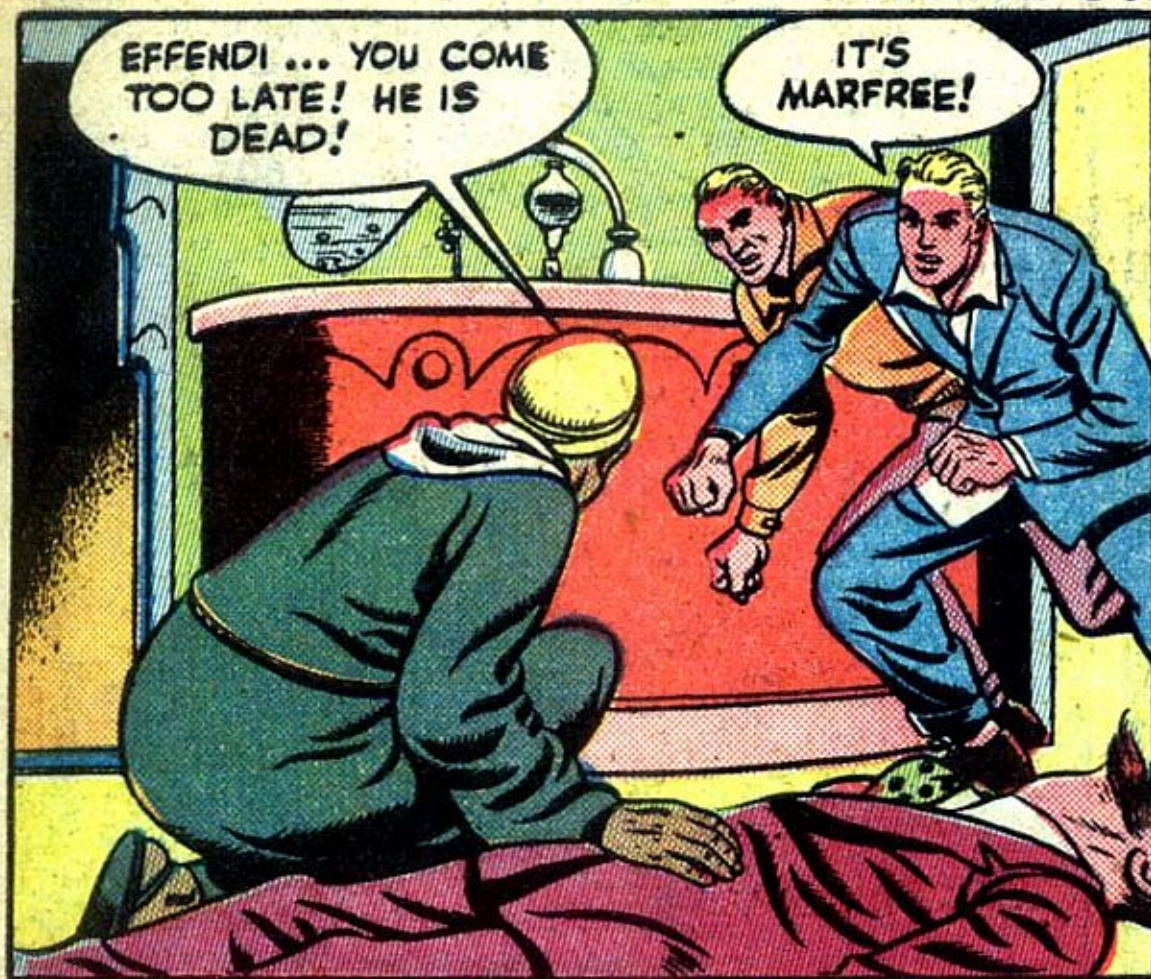
INTO THE HARBOR AT ALEXANDRIA SAIL MANY STRANGE SHIPS BENT ON VARIED AND CURIOUS ADVENTURES



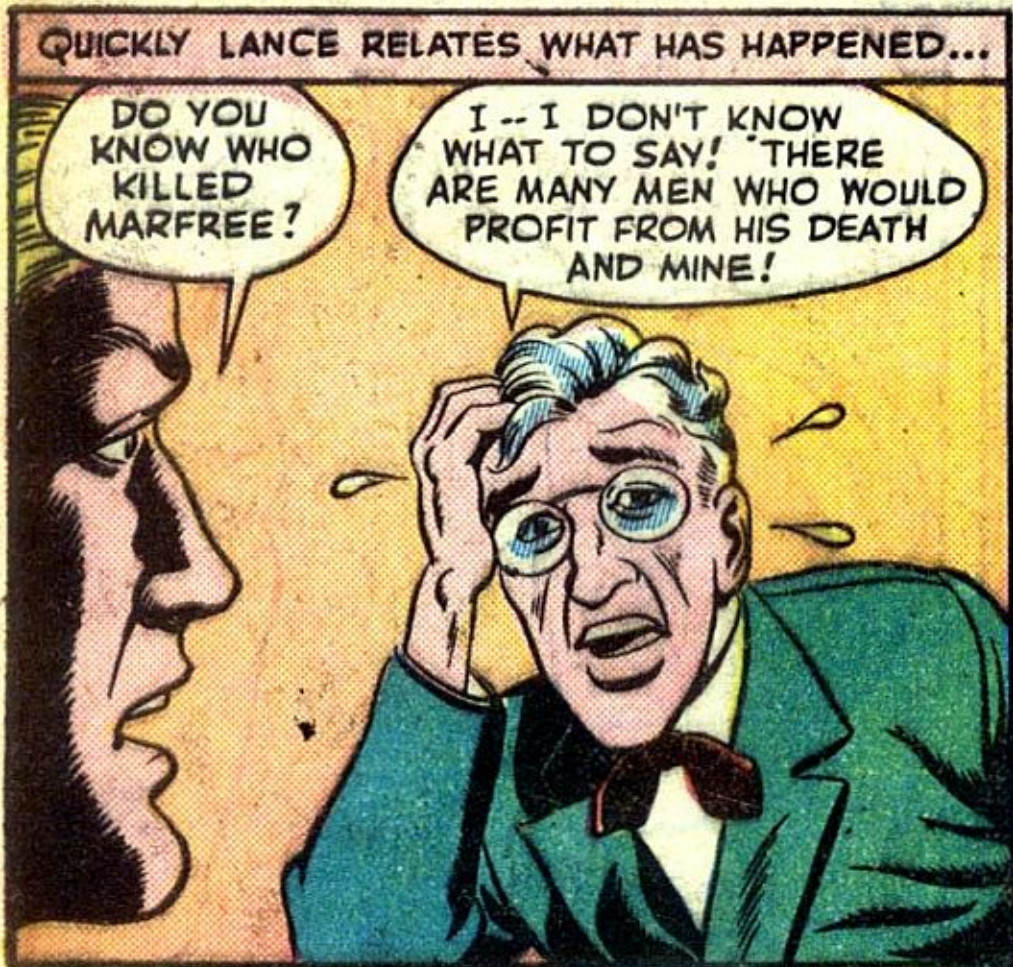
BUT WE ARE CONCERNED WITH THE TRANSPORT THAT IS TAKING **LANCE GALLANT** AND HIS FAITHFUL AIDE, **BIFF**, TO THE END OF A PERILOUS JOURNEY....



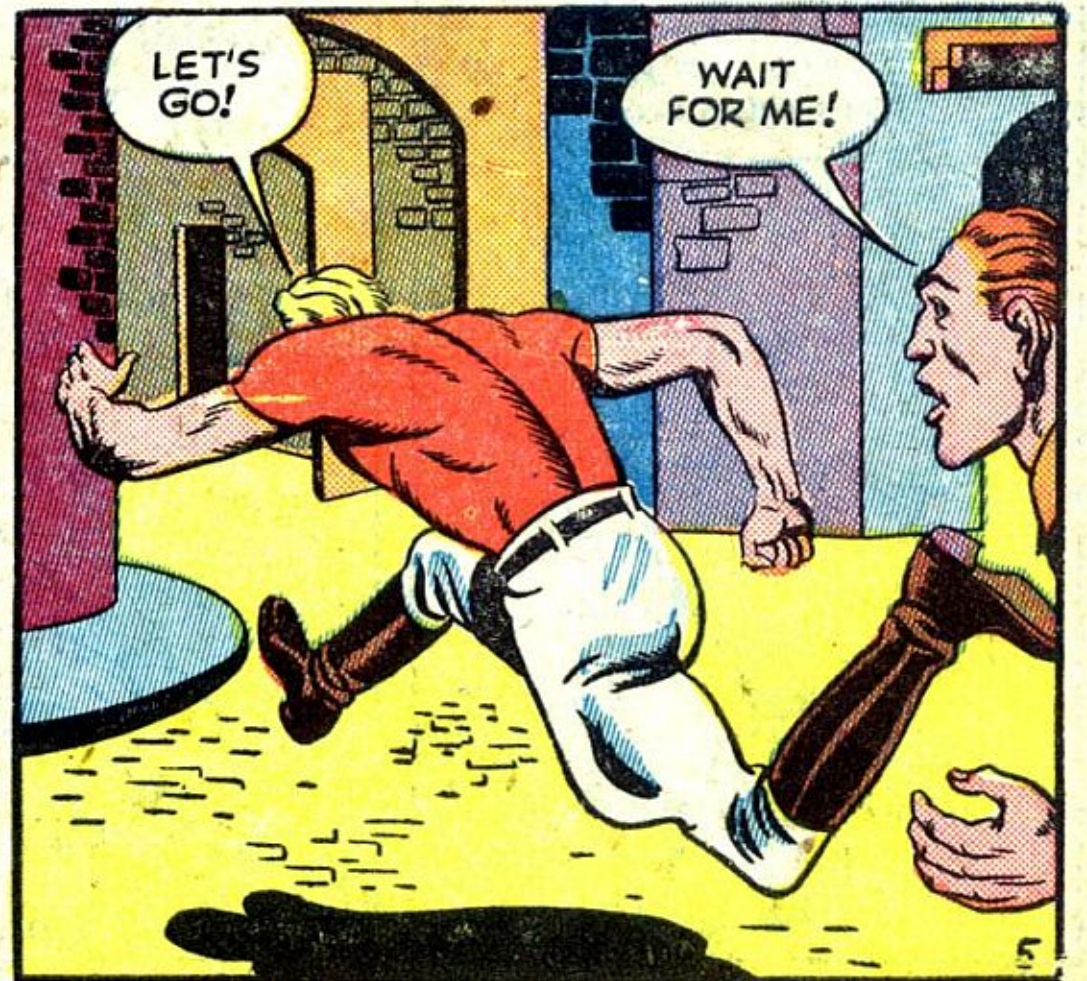
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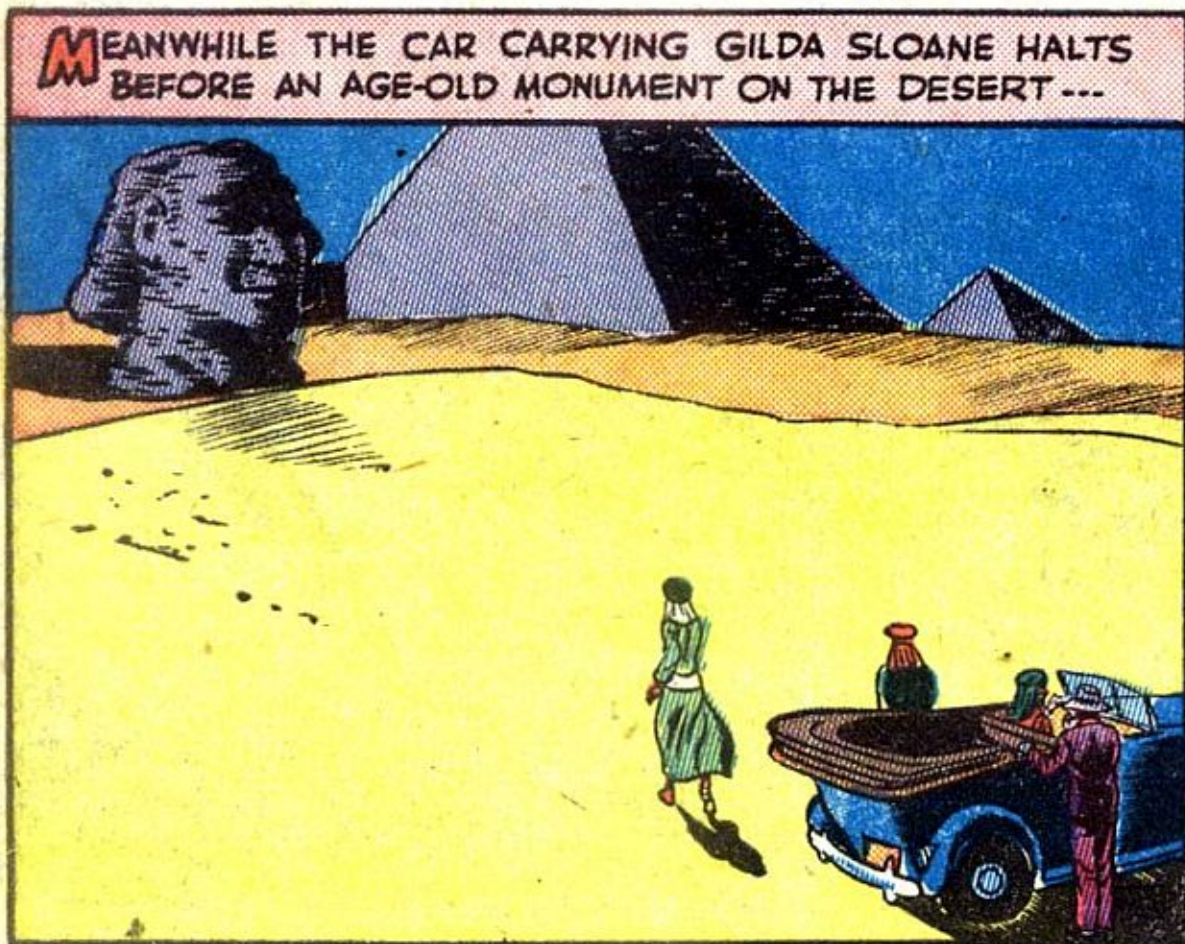
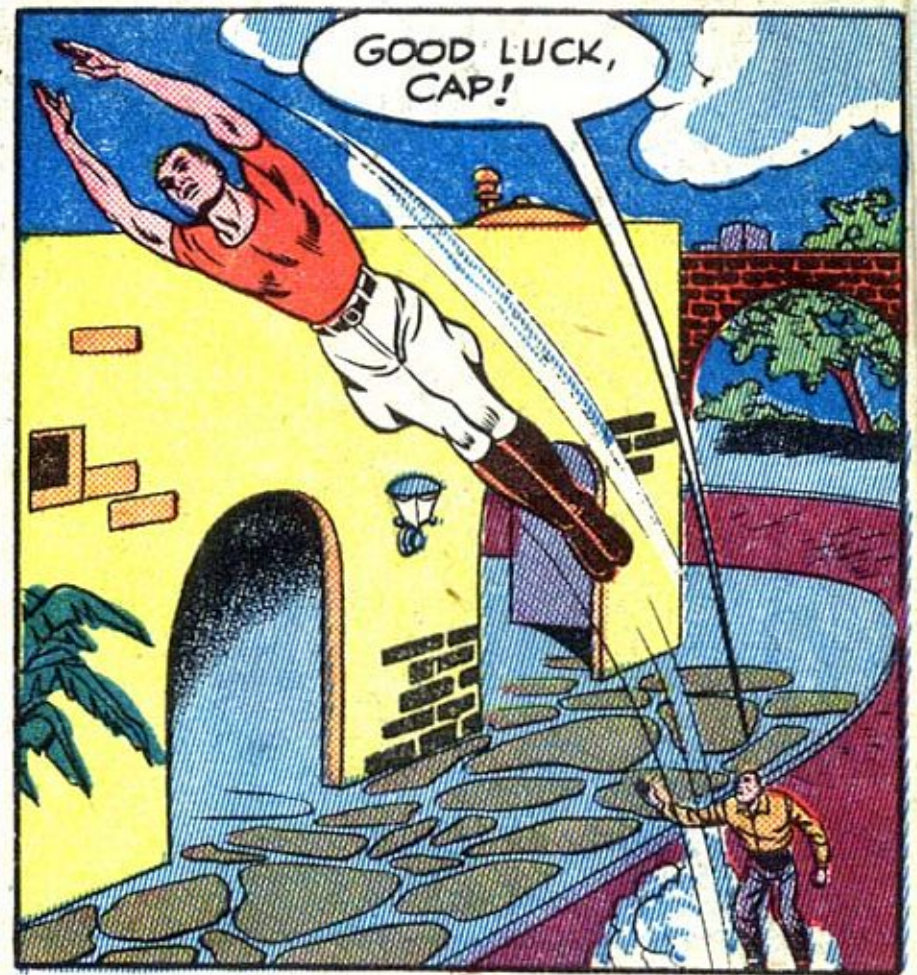


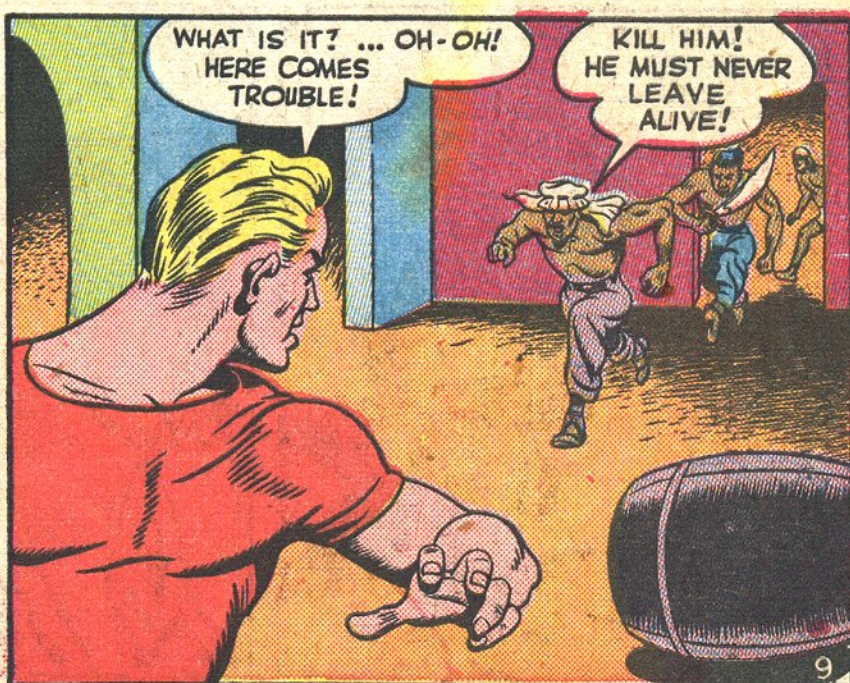
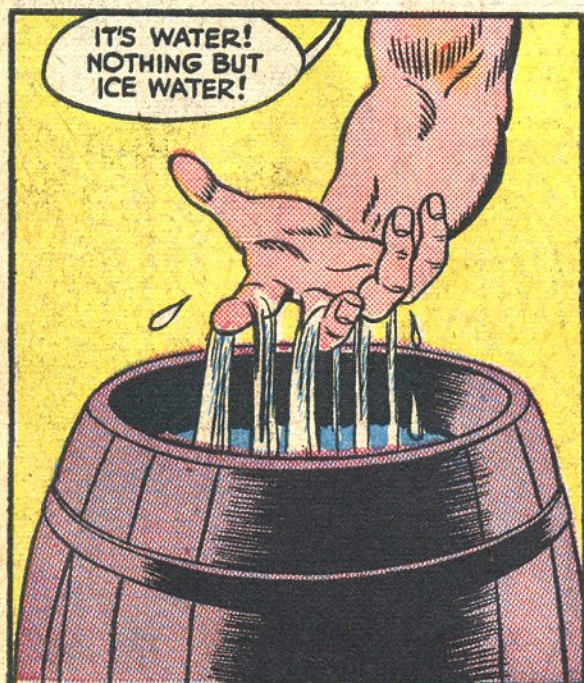
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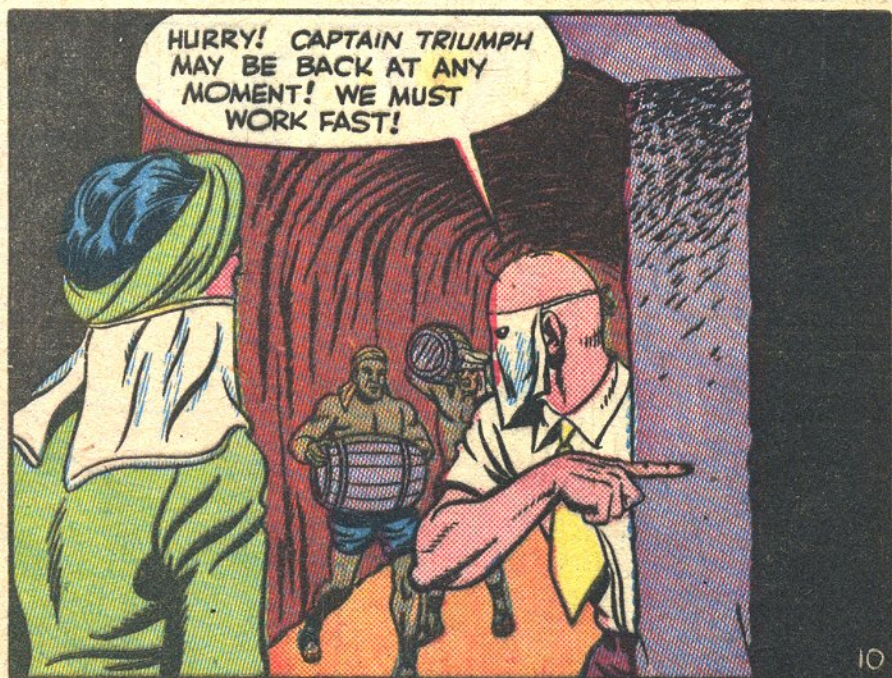
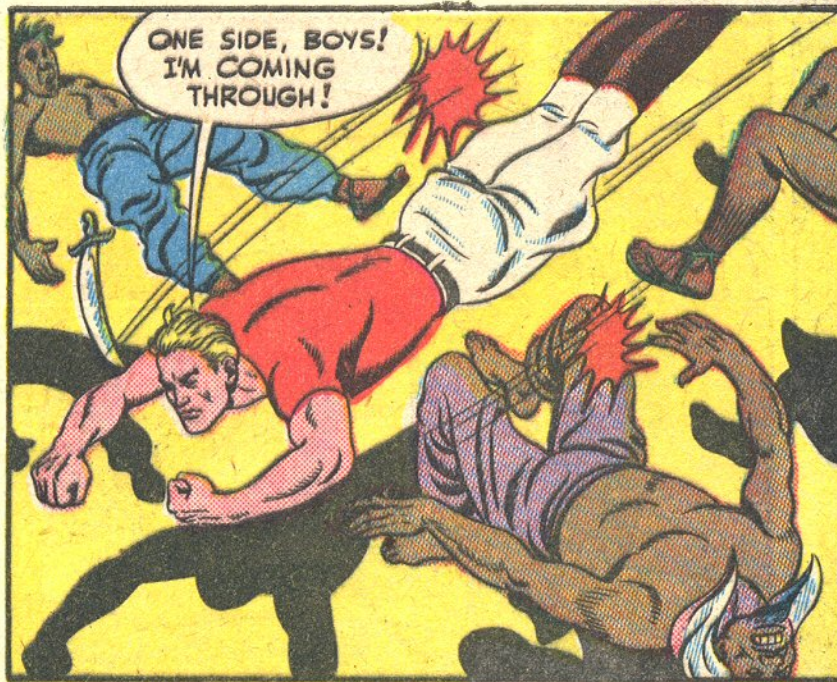


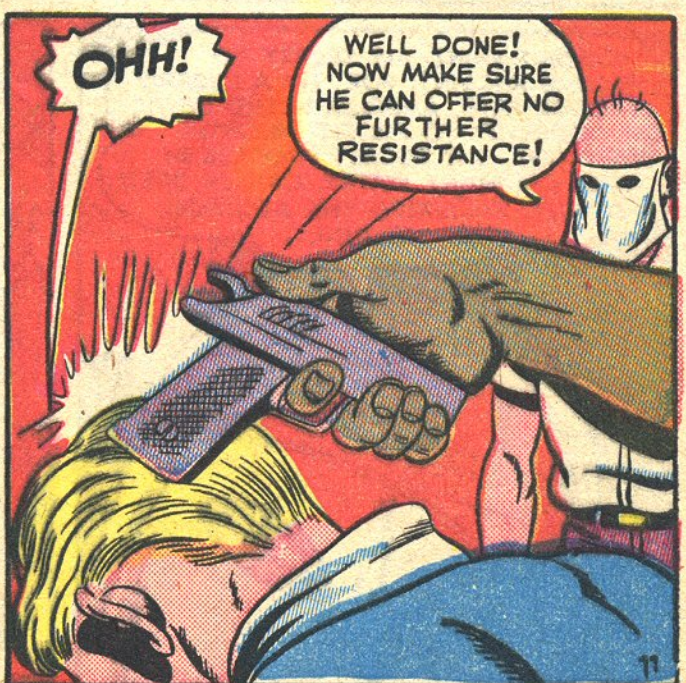
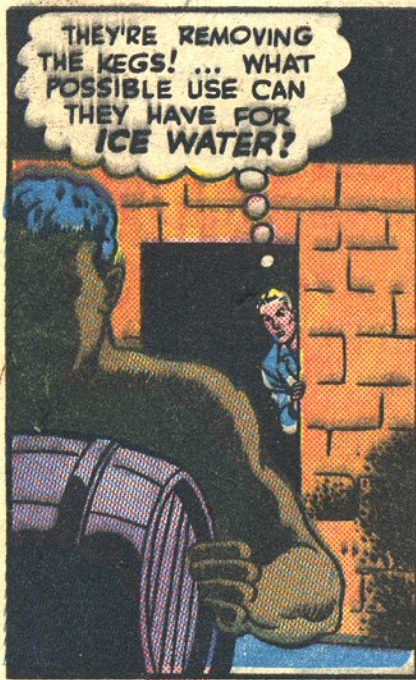
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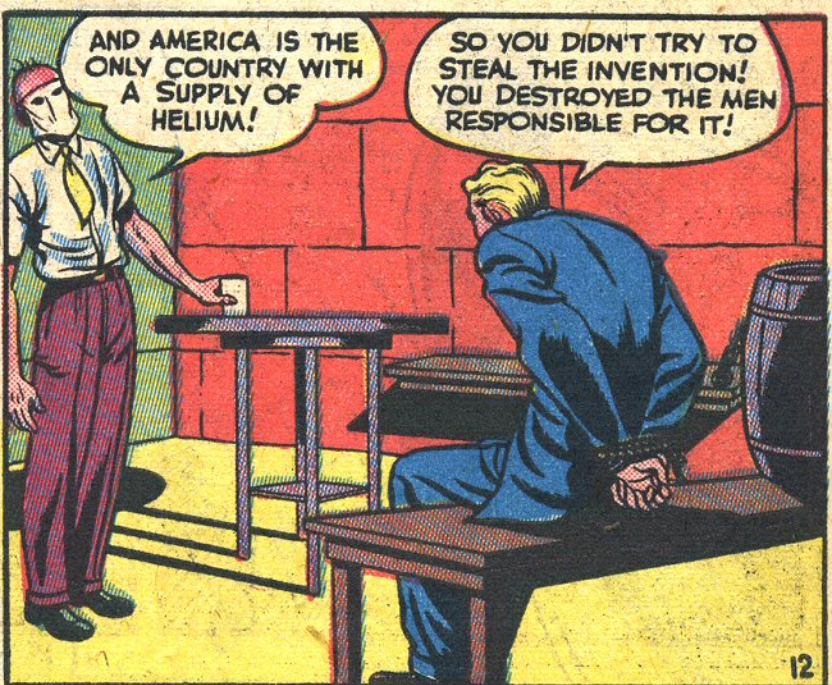
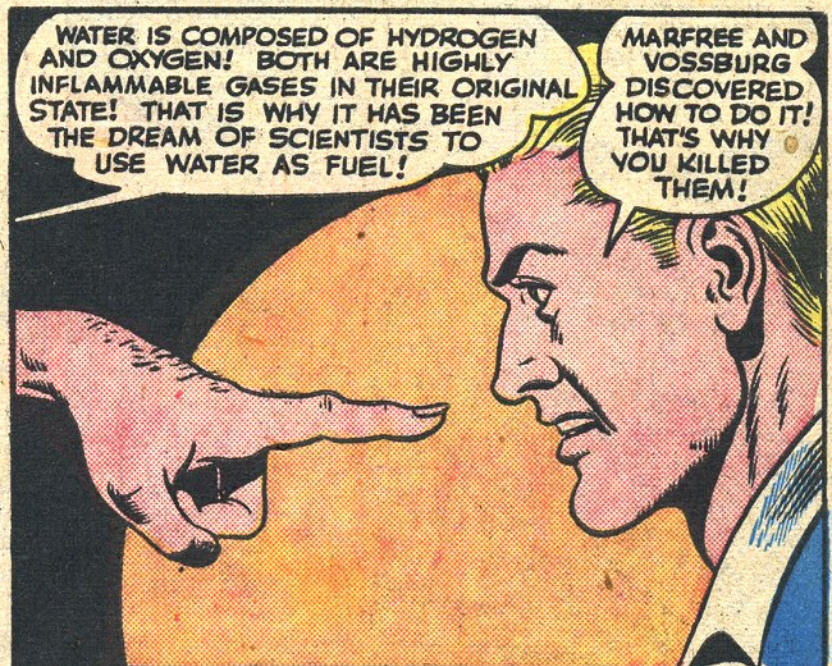
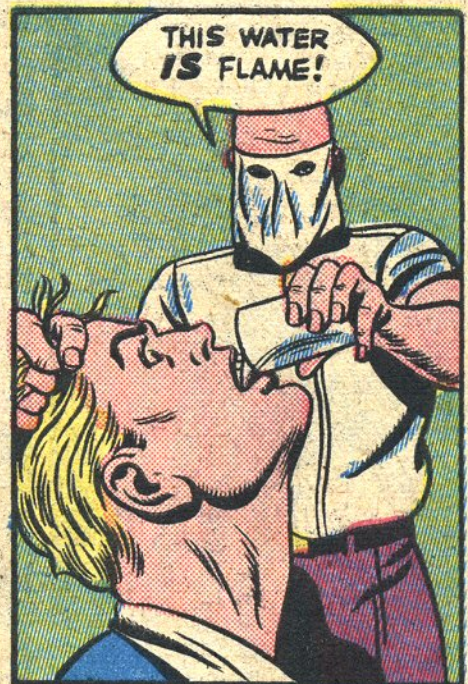


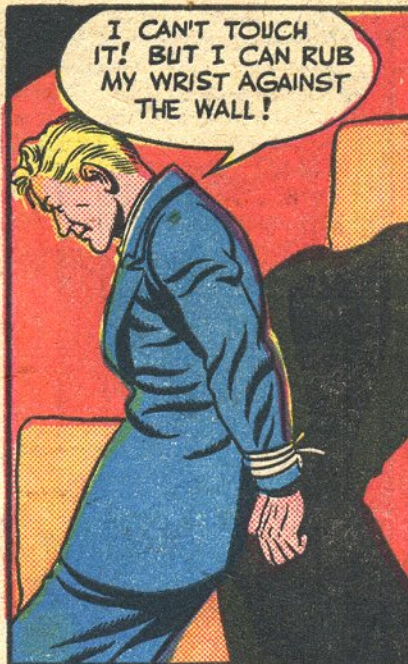
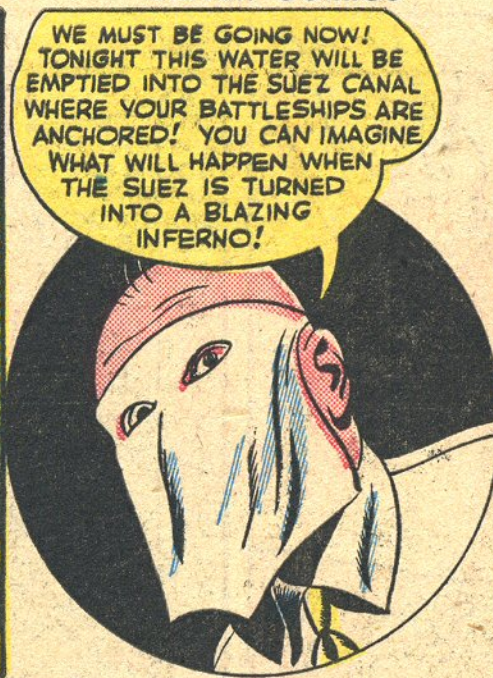


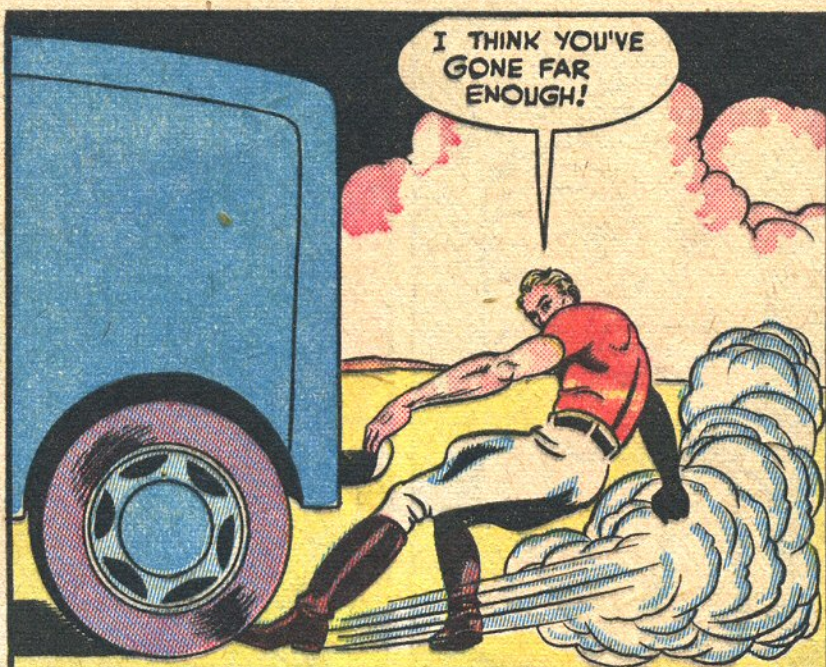


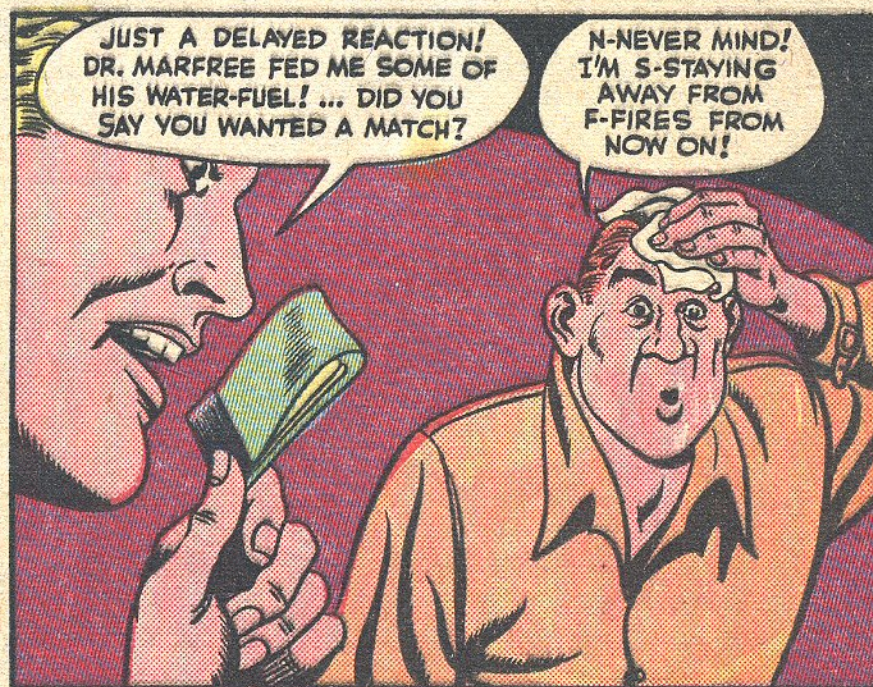
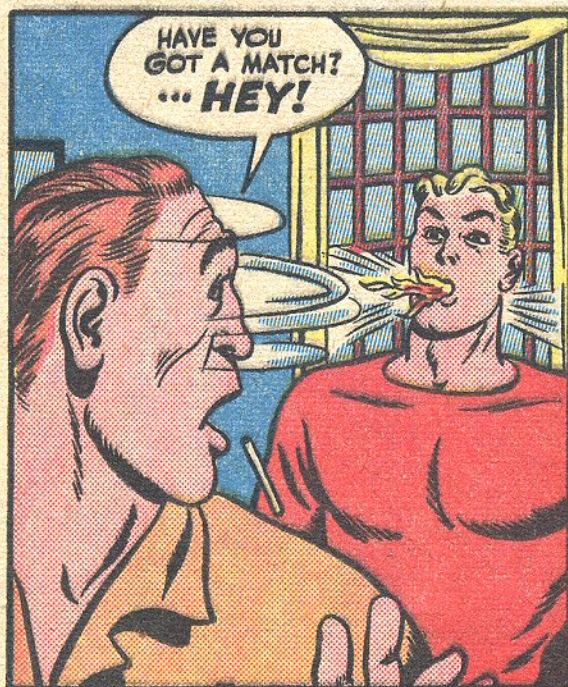
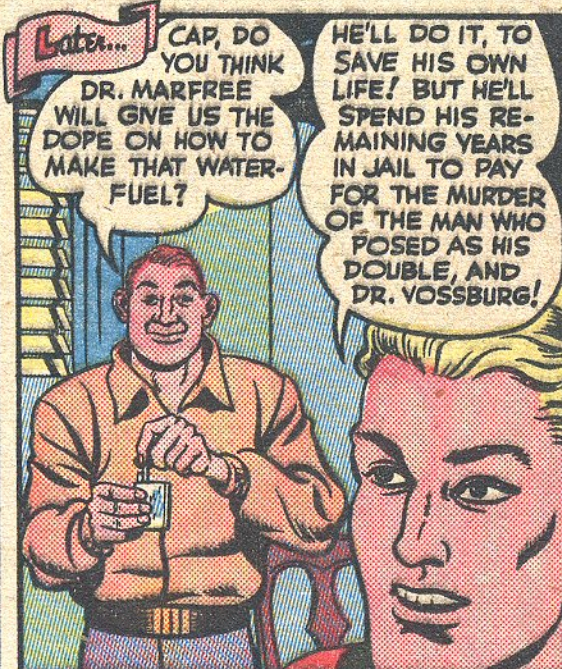
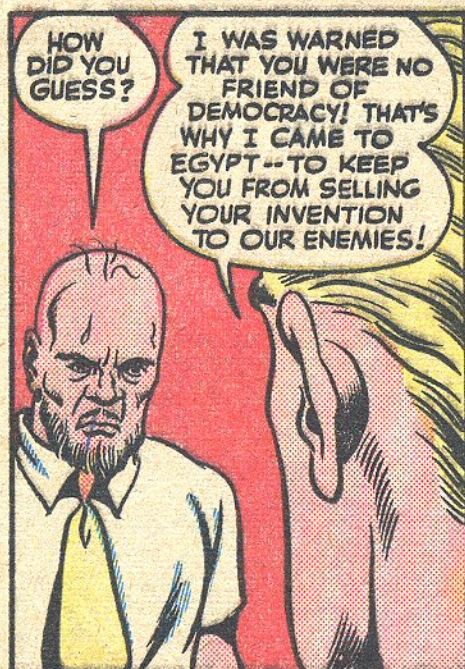
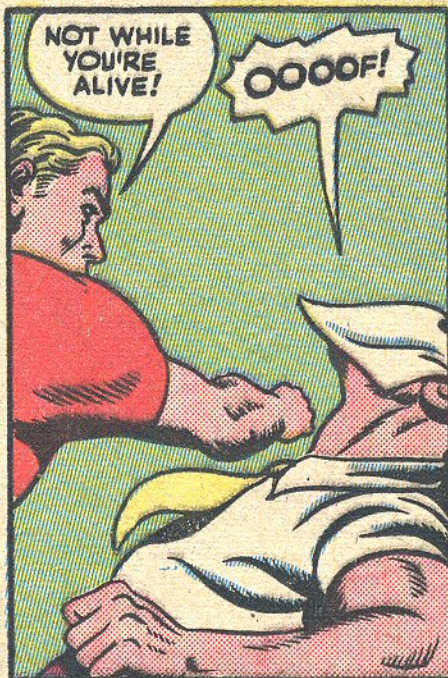


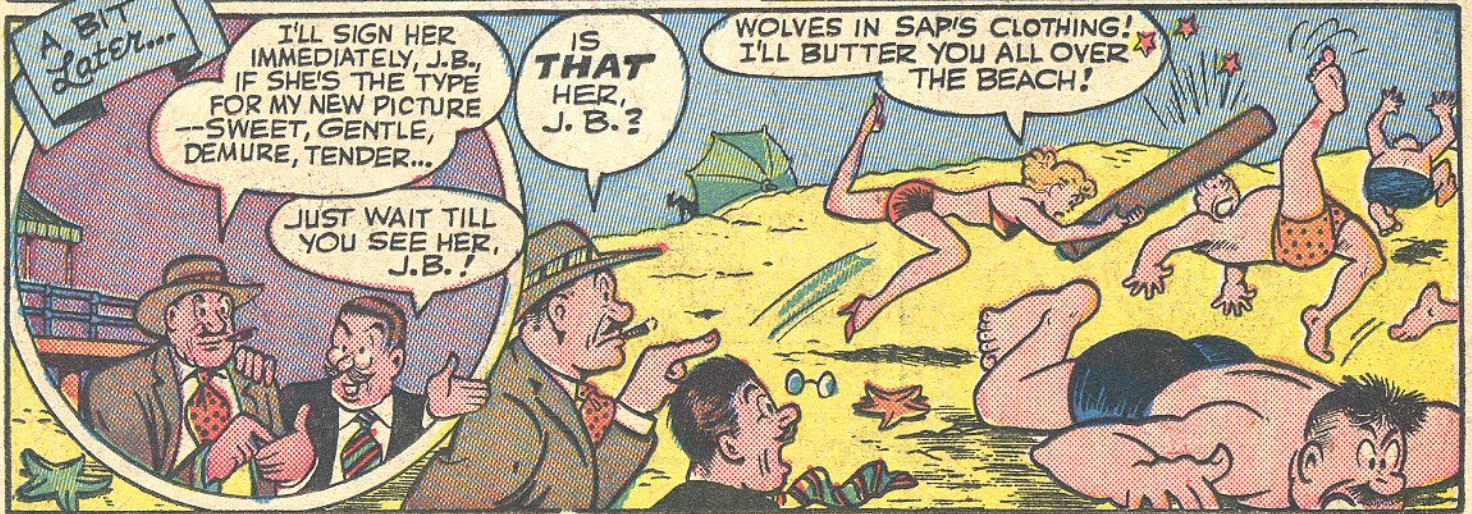
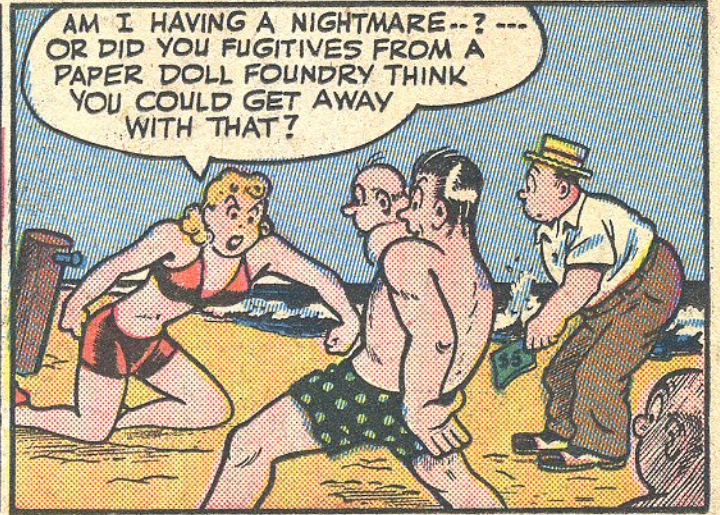
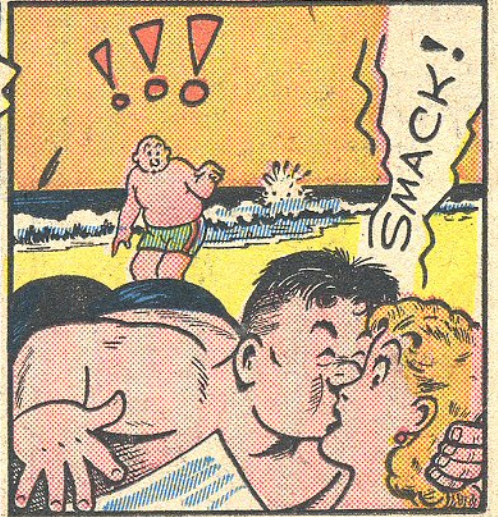
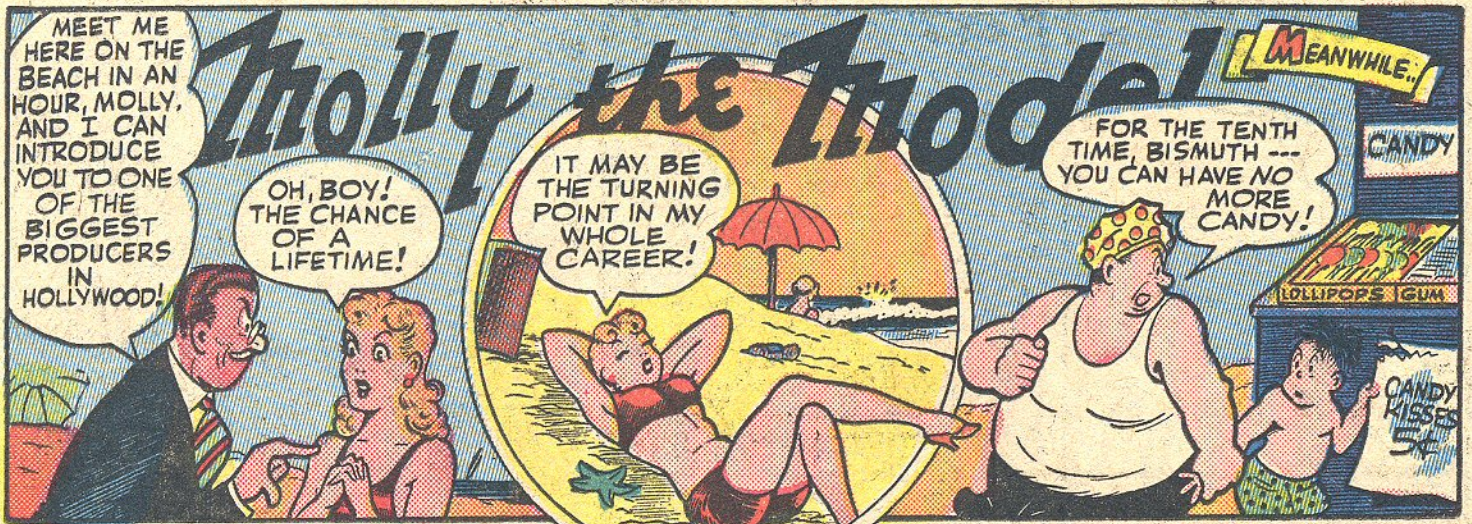












Molly the Model

OH, WHAT A HEAD--AND EVERY JOINT ACHES LIKE A BOIL!

EVERY NERVE AND MUSCLE PAINS ME!

BUT HERE COMES THAT WEALTHY WIDOW NEXT DOOR... WHAT A CATCH, IF I COULD EVER MAKE HER LIKE ME!

I HEARD YOU WERE SO HANDY, MR. MALONEY... I WONDER IF YOU COULD FIX IT...

YOU SAY YOUR HEATERS ON THE BUM AND NO HOT WATER FOR A BATH, MRS. FLOXBUX?

TWO HOURS OF THIS

MMMM... WHEN WEALTHY WIDOWS WANT BATHS, WHAT'S A FRACTURED SKULL OR TWO... BUT...

I'M AFRAID I AIN'T GOT TOOLS ENOUGH, MRS. FLOXBUX, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY...

I'LL BRING SOME HOT WATER OVER FROM MY HOUSE AND HAVE YOU A HOT TUB FIT FOR A QUEEN!

YOU'RE SO KIND MR. PALOOZA!

LUGGIN' THIS STUFF IS TORTURE, BUT I'LL MAKE A HIT WITH THAT WIDOW IF IT KILLS ME!

EVEN IF IT BUSTS MY BACK, SHE'S THE CATCH OF A LIFETIME!

THIS MAKES THIRTY BUCKETS--WILL IT BE ENOUGH?

YES, THANKS--AND IT'S JUST THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE, TOO!

COME, CLAUDIA!...

THANKS, THAT WILL BE QUITE ALL FOR NOW!

NOT QUITE ALL... YOU OLD TURKEY!



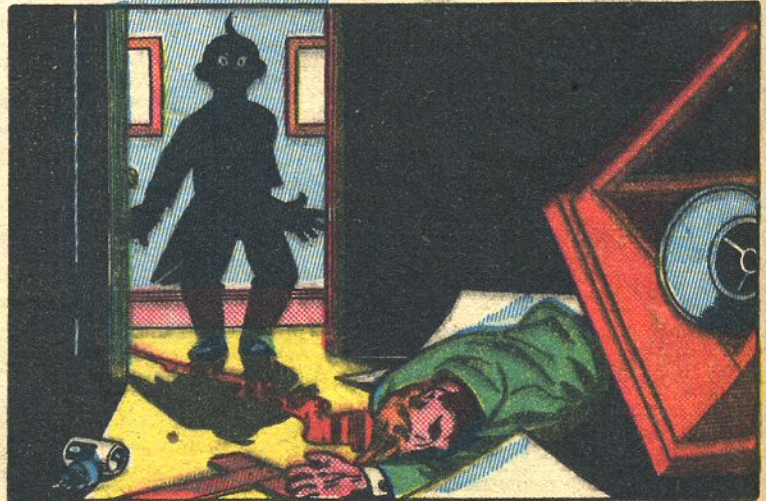
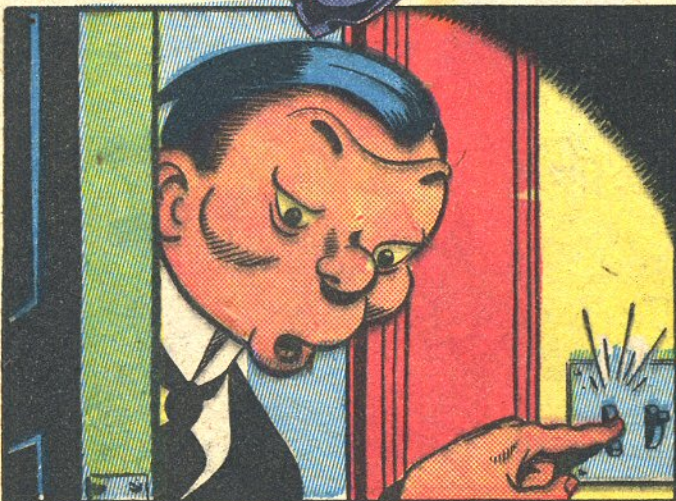
PEN MILLER

ME STLAIGHTEN
UP MIST' MILLER'S
STUDIO NOW...

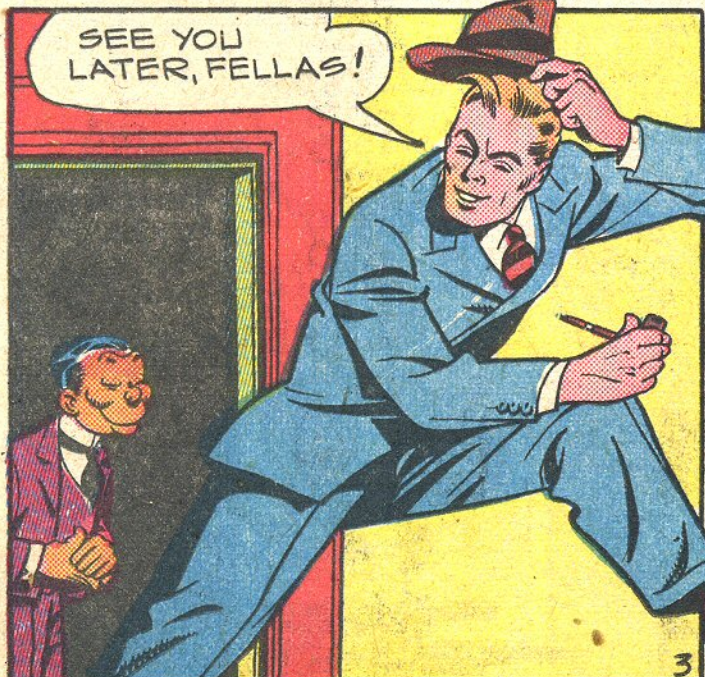
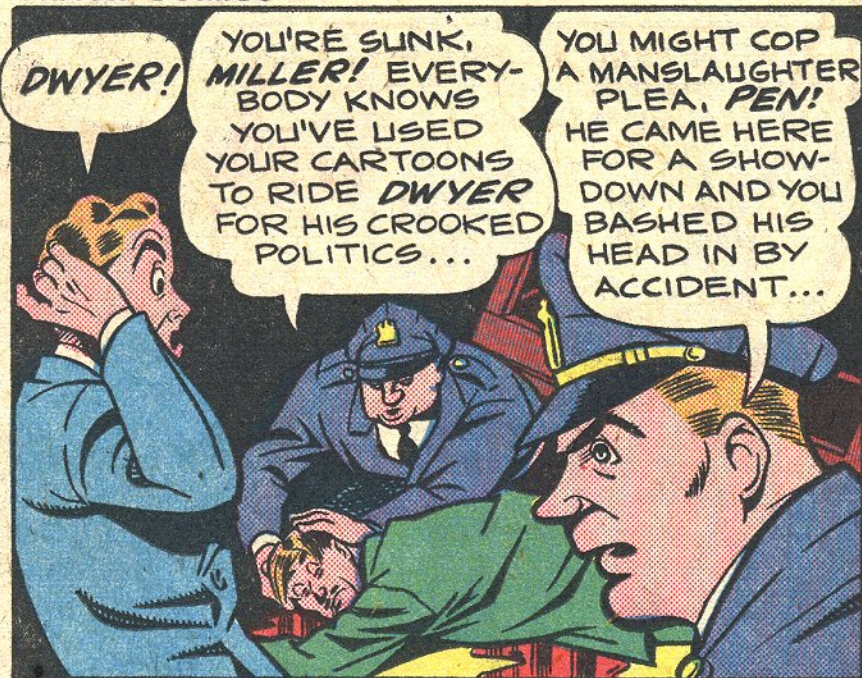
THE REAL LIFE ADVENTURES OF
PEN MILLER, CARTOONIST-DETECTIVE,
ARE OFTEN MORE EXCITING THAN
THE ONES HE DRAWS

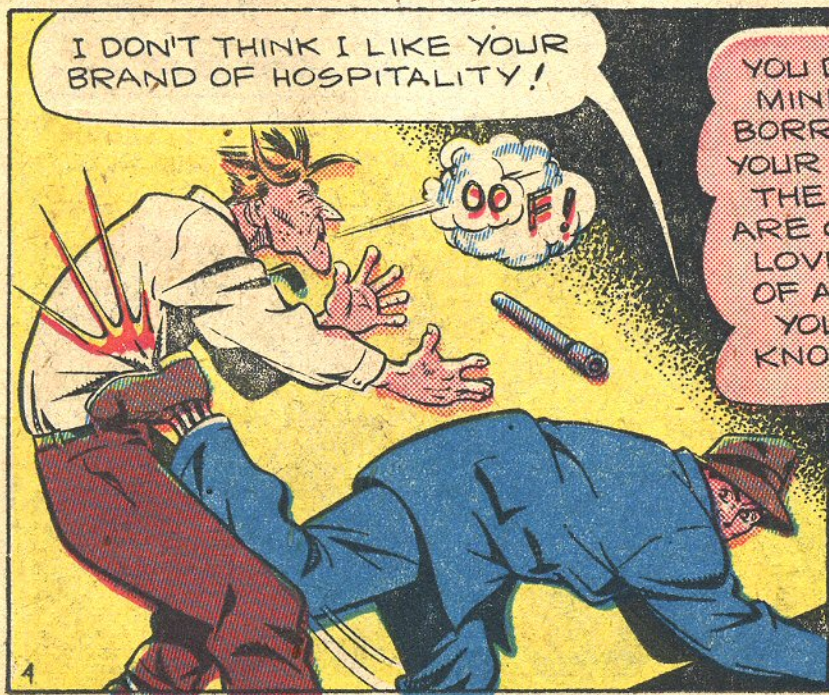
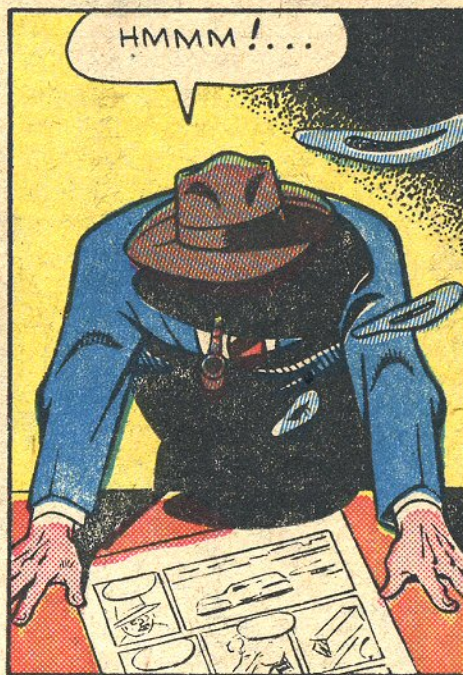
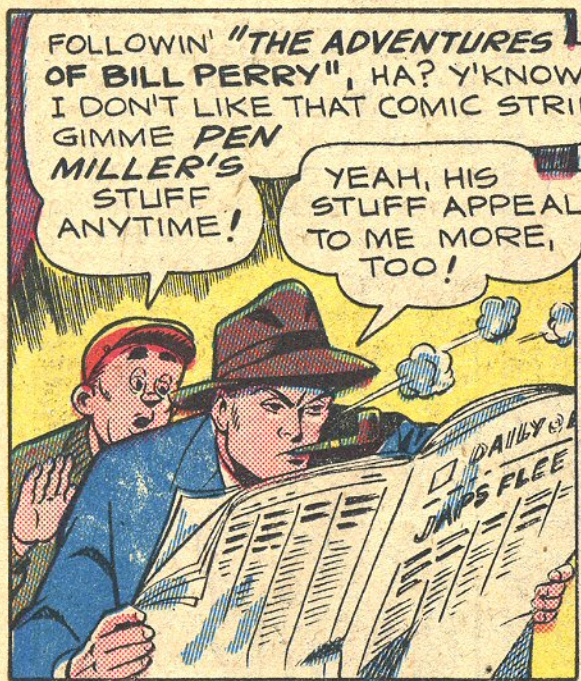


TCH-TCH! TELLIBLE
MESS... HE PLOBABLY
SPILL BOTTLE OF
LED INK









MEANWHILE.. AT THE HOMICIDE BUREAU...

YOU DOGGONE JUGHEADS!

AW, CHIEFIE.. HOW WAS WE TO KNOW AN ARTIST COULD GET ROUGH?

MILLER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!

OKAY BY ME, BOYS! MIND IF I BRING ALONG A LITTLE PLAYMATE?

MISTER TORRIN HAS ALREADY MADE A CONFESSION TO ME! AFTER I SHOW YOU THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE, I THINK HE CAN BE PERSUADED TO SING AN ENCORE!

YOU SEE, TORRIN DOES HIS OWN LETTERING FOR HIS "BILL PERRY" STRIP! NOW IF YOU'LL COMPARE THE LETTERING IN THE STRIP WITH THAT IN THE TIPOFF NOTE, YOU'LL NOTICE A RESEMBLANCE...

NOTE THE INVARIABLE UPWARD CURVE OF THE HORIZONTAL LINES IN THE E'S AND L'S AND THE ROUNDED TOPS OF THE A'S!

YEAH.. HE SENT THE NOTE AWRIGHT.. BUT THAT DON'T PROVE HE KILLED DWYER!

NEW DEER NEVER AROUND E OLD AGAIN!

PEN MILLER AND R.V. DWYER WILL FINALLY HAVE IT OUT TONIGHT AT ER'S PLACE THEM

NO, BUT HIS NERVOUSNESS WHEN I VISITED HIM AND THE FACT THAT HE TRIED TO BRAIN ME PROVES HE WAS WORRIED!

OKAY! OKAY!! MILLER'S TOP MAN IN COMICS! I WAS ON MY WAY OUT.. AND DWYER WAS RIDIN' ME HARD.. THREATENED TO FIRE ME!

DWYER WAS WORRIED SICK ABOUT MILLER'S EXPOSÉS! I PHONED DWYER.. SAID PEN WOULD MAKE A DEAL IF HE'D COME TO PEN'S STUDIO AT A TIME WHEN I KNEW MILLER AND HIS MAN WOULD BE OUT.. THEN I KONKED DWYER!

WITH THIS!

LATER...

BOSS IN PLISON, TING LING! METLY HIM PIPE.. PLACTICE SMOKY LINGS.. SO..



HANG ONTO YOUR HATS! HERE WE GO AGAIN! IT'S HACK O'HARA, NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST CABBY, ON ANOTHER SCREWBALL CAB-RIDE TO CALAMITY! IT WASN'T THE GHOST THAT BOTHERED HACK SO MUCH--OR THE MAN WHO SHOT GUNS WITH HIS FEET -- IT WAS THE DOUGH TICKING AWAY ON HACK'S METER AND NOBODY TO PAY THE FARE BUT A BANKRUPT CORPSE!

ONE DAY, AS HACK LOUNGED OUTSIDE GRAND CENTRAL, WAITING FOR A FARE...

ALLONS, YOU! I AM ENGAGE ZE CAB FOR ZE NIGHT! DRIVE TO ZE OLD SPOOK CLUB ON LONG ISLAND!

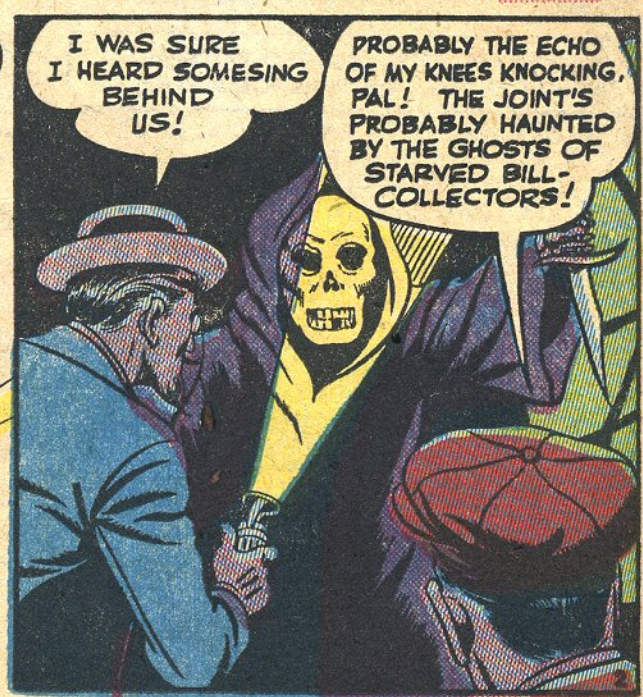
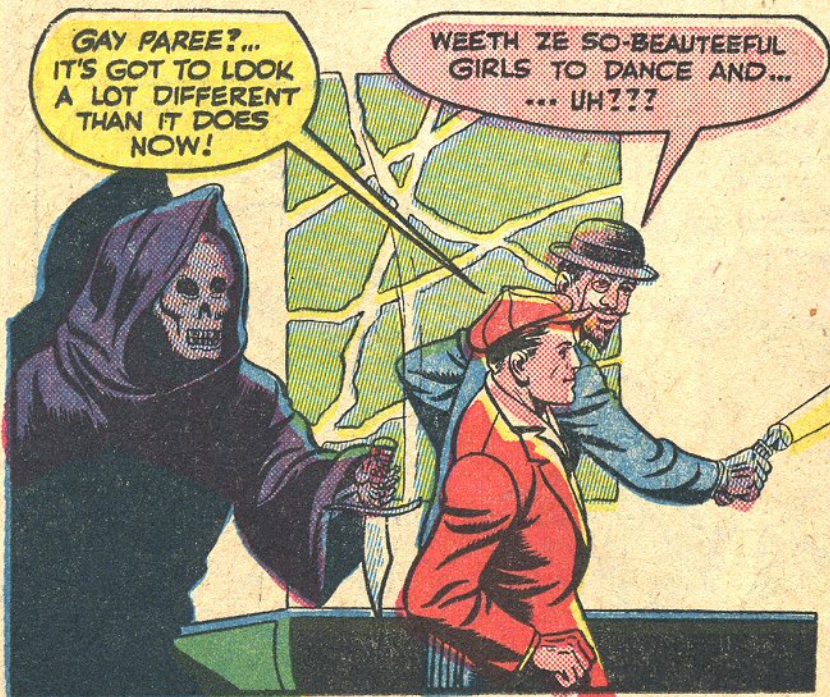
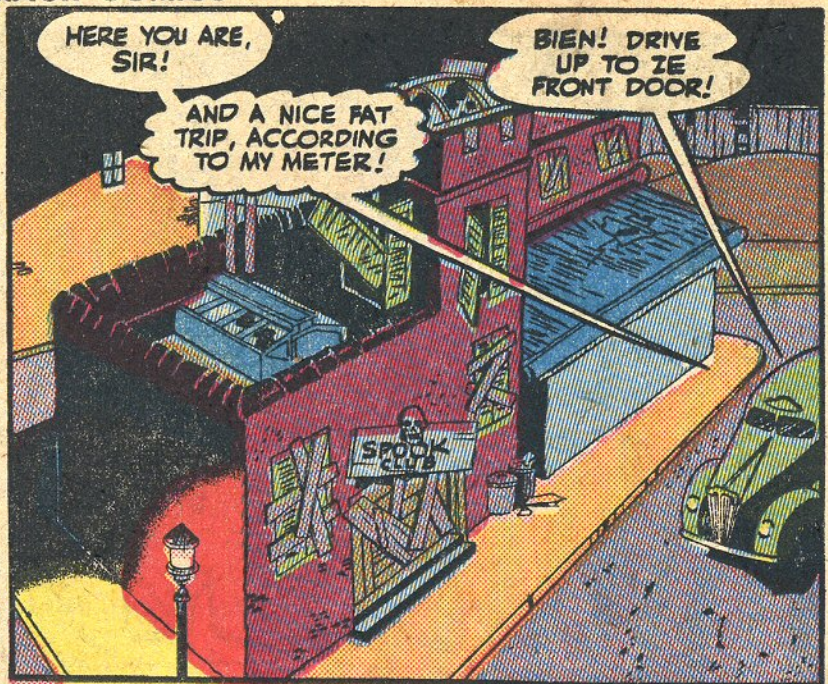
HUH?

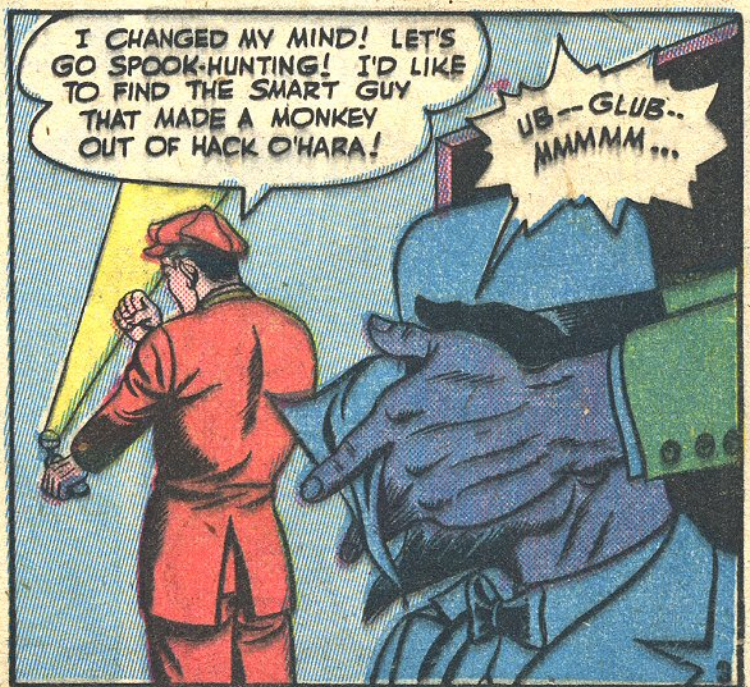
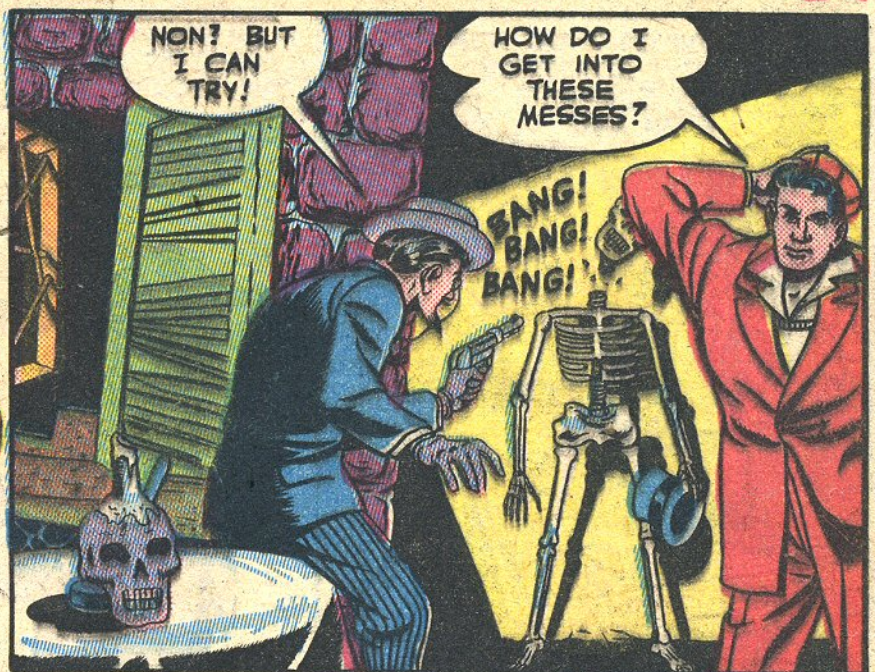
SORRY, FRIEND! GOVERNMENT ORDER-- I CAN'T TAKE PASSENGERS TO A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT! ON ACCOUNT OF GAS RATIONING ---

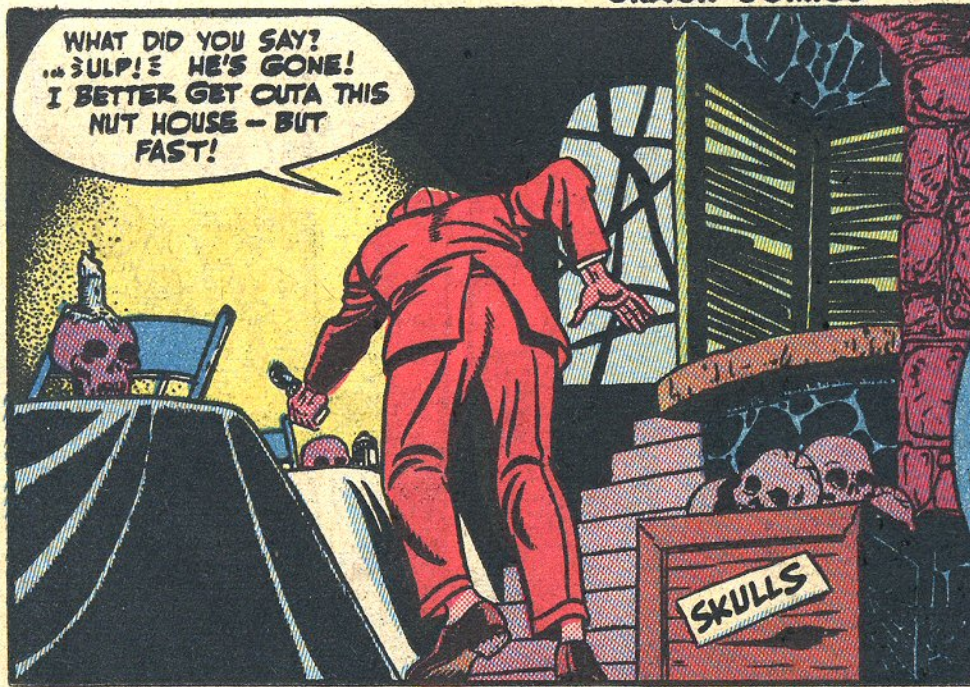
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT? SACRE NOM DE PEEG!

A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT, HE SAYS!!!









WHAT DID YOU SAY?
GULP! HE'S GONE!
I BETTER GET OUTA THIS
NUT HOUSE - BUT
FAST!



WAIT A MINUTE!
IF I DON'T FIND THAT
FRENCH POODLE, WHO'LL
PAY THE FARE FOR
MY TRIP OUT
HERE AND
BACK?



THE THINGS I DO FOR
MONEY! SOMETIMES
THEY SURPRISE
EVEN ME!



I'M GONNA LOOK FUNNY
TRYING TO WRAP THIS AROUND
THE NECK OF A GHOST—
BUT HERE GOES
FOR A TRY!



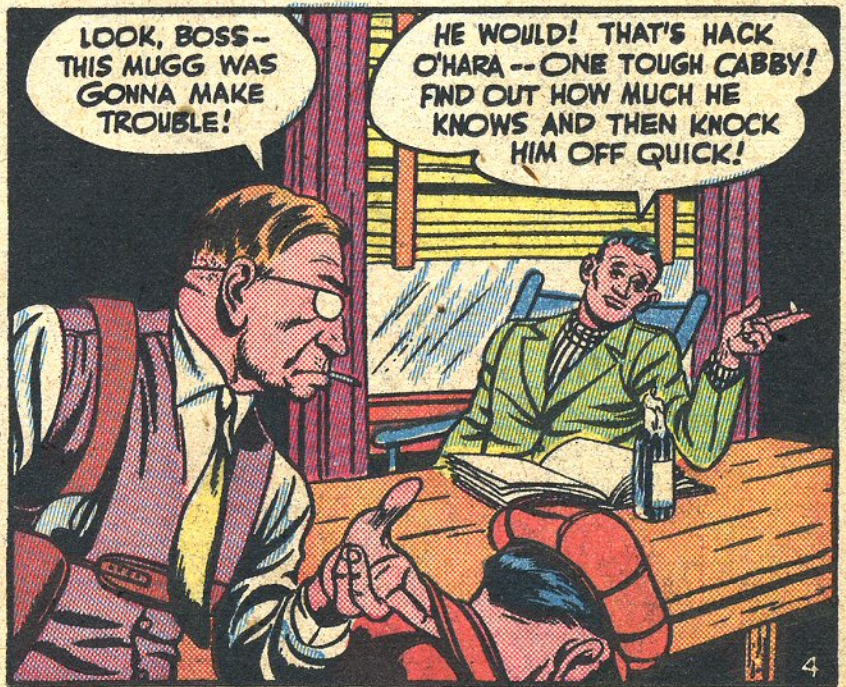
MMM! HIS FOOTPRINTS
IN THE DUST END AT
THIS WALL! MUST
BE A SECRET
PANEL!...



THERE
IS!!

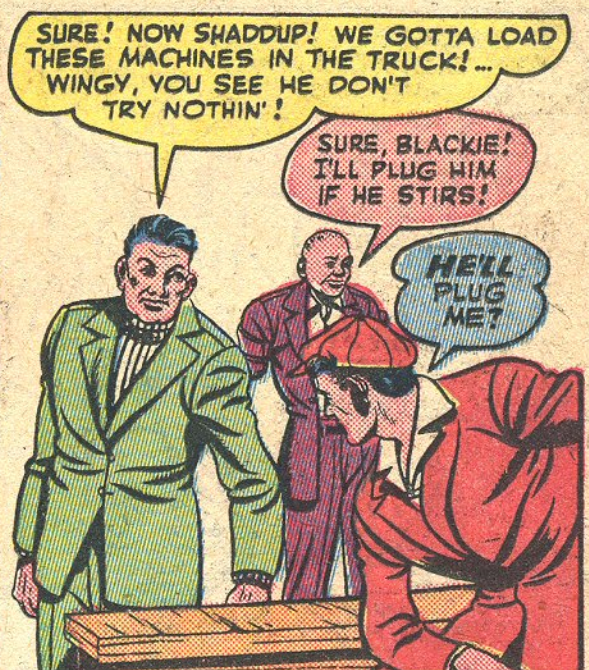
AH-H-H-H!

WAM

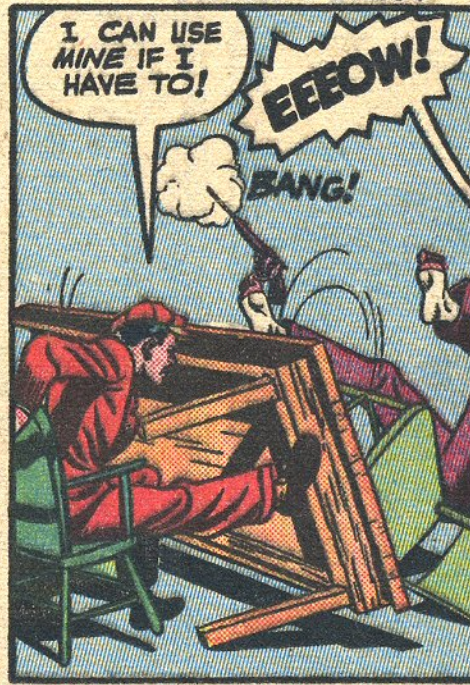


LOOK, BOSS—
THIS MUGG WAS
GONNA MAKE
TROUBLE!

HE WOULD! THAT'S HACK
O'HARA --ONE TOUGH CABBY!
FIND OUT HOW MUCH HE
KNOWS AND THEN KNOCK
HIM OFF QUICK!

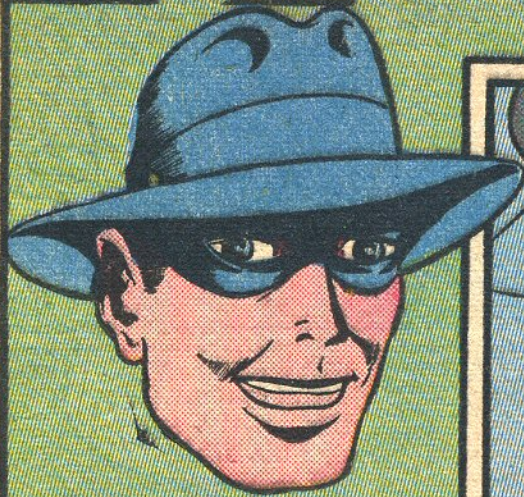


CRACK COMICS



HACK O'HARA WILL BE DRIVING THIS WAY AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Crack Comica!*

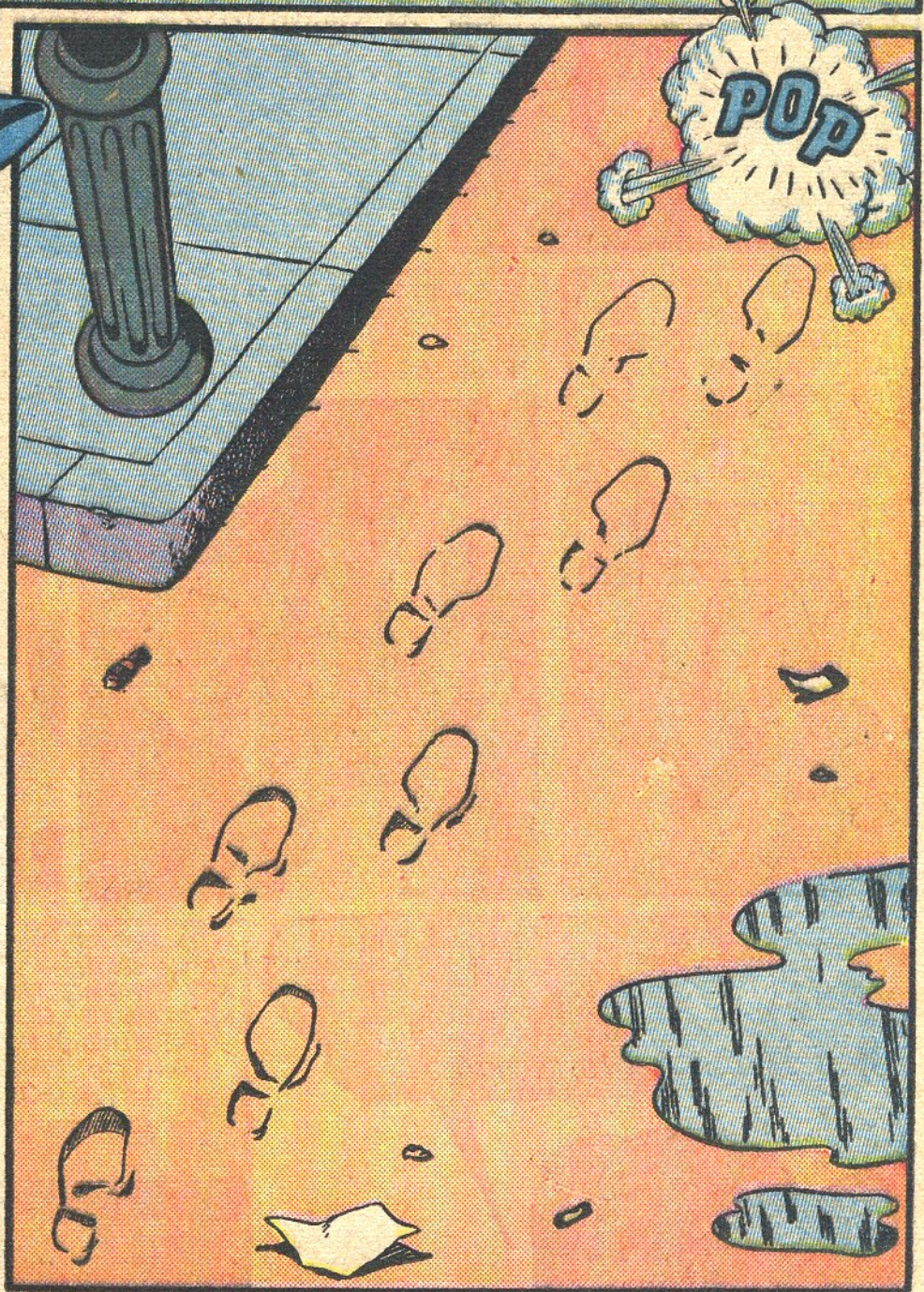
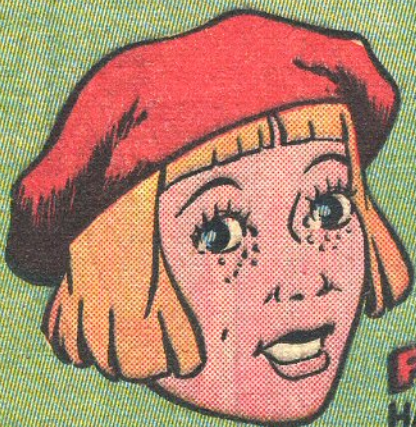
The CLOCK



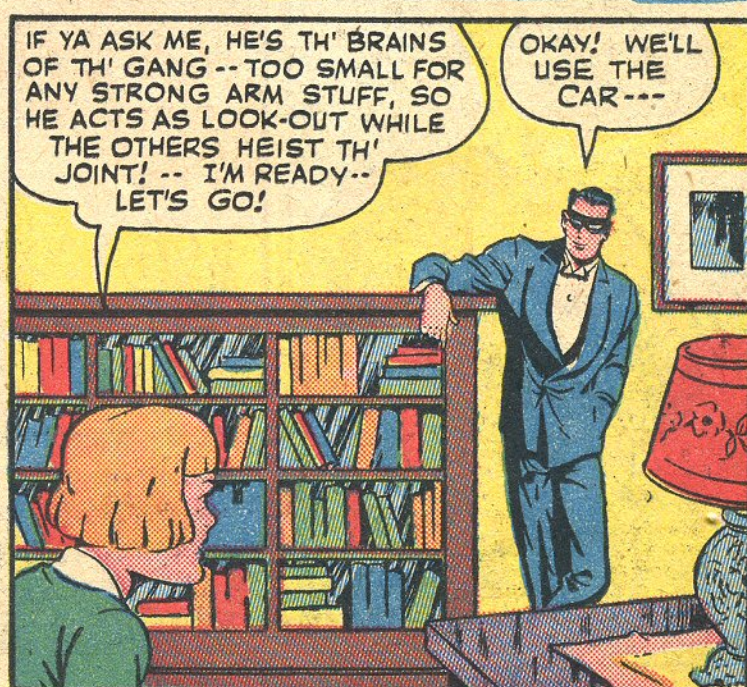
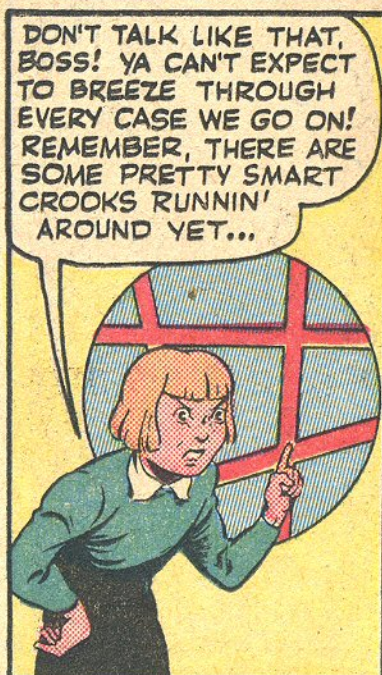
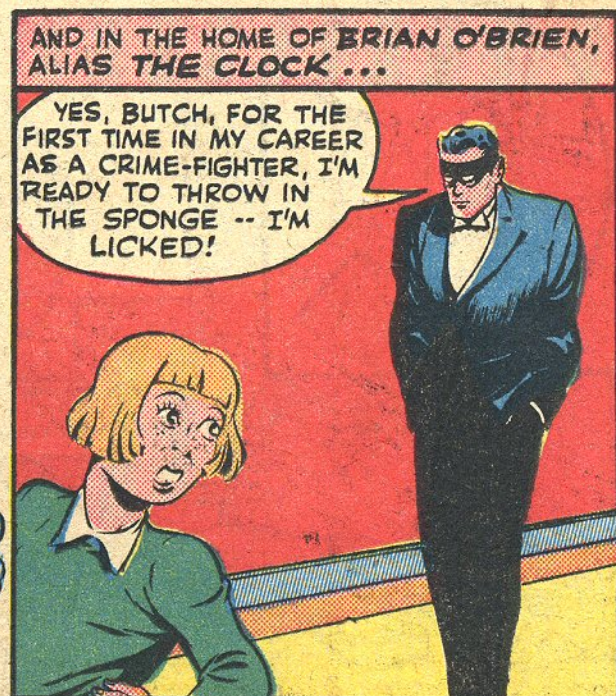
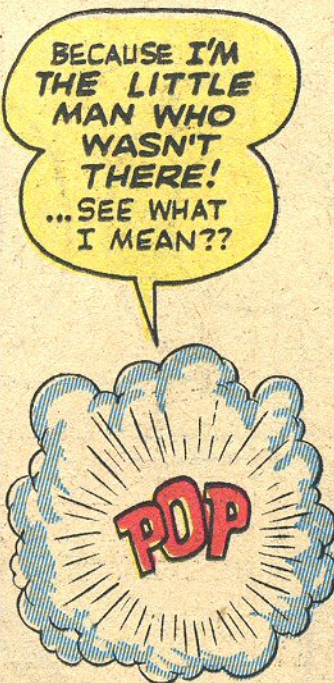
FROM PARK AVENUE TO
THE DREGS OF
THE UNDERWORLD!...

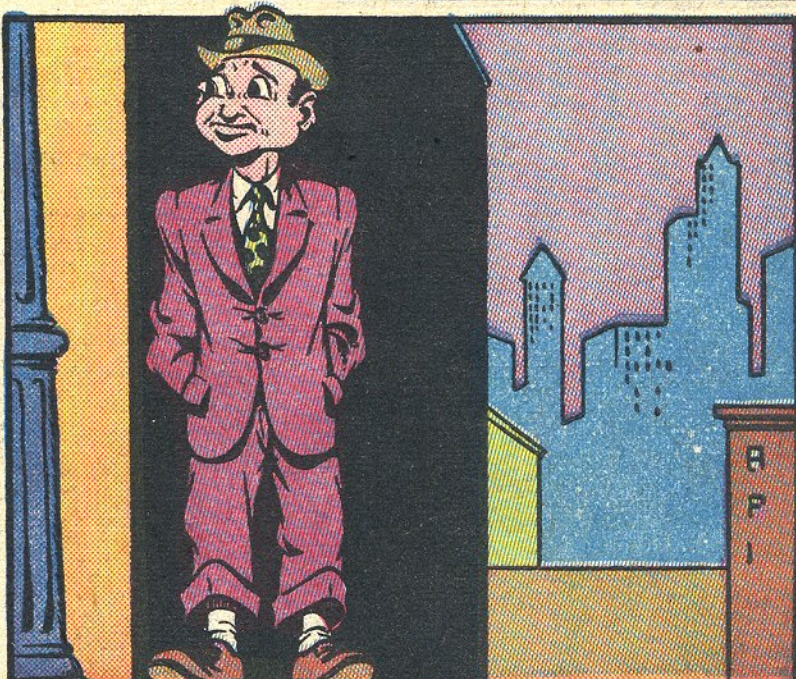
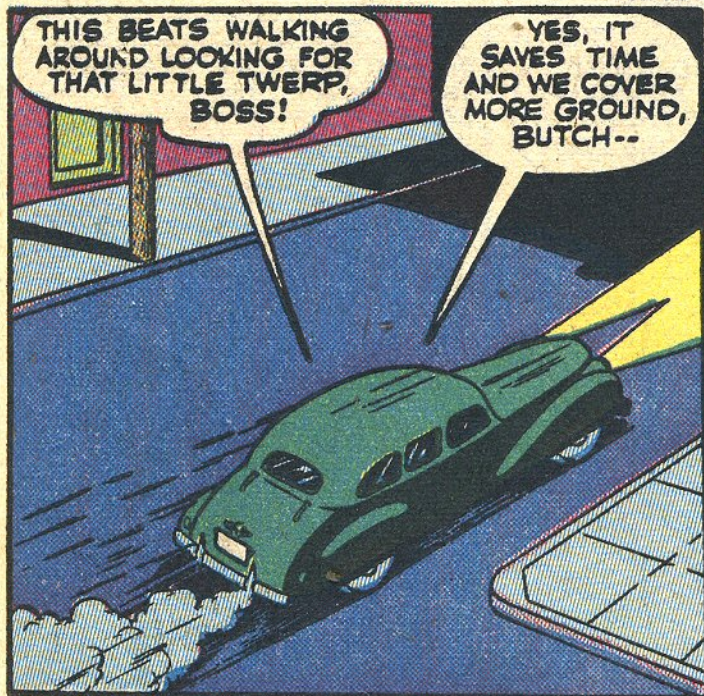
IN OTHER WORDS,
BRIAN O'BRIEN,
PLAYBOY, KNOWN
ONLY TO HIS SHARP-
TONGUED, ORPHANED
AIDE, **BUTCH**, AS
The CLOCK,
MASTER OF
CRIME-FIGHTERS!

TOGETHER THEY FIGHT
ON THE SIDE OF
JUSTICE, AGAINST
ALL THAT IS
EVIL

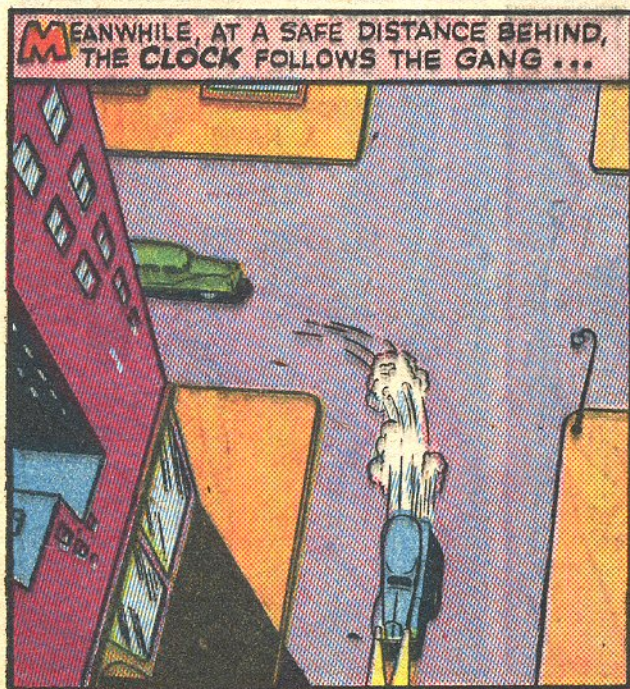
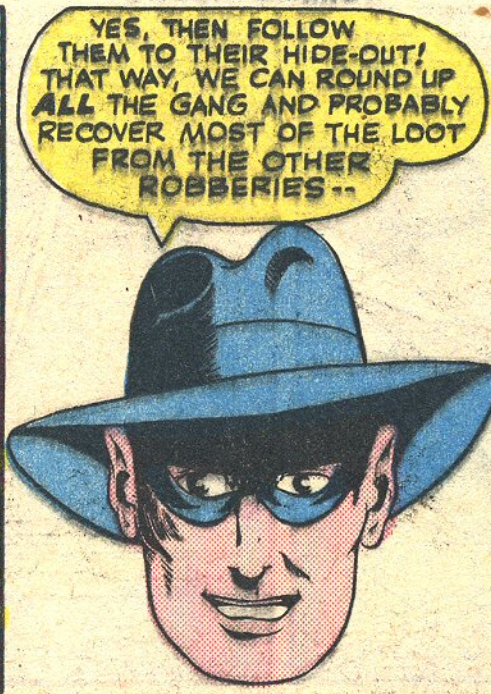


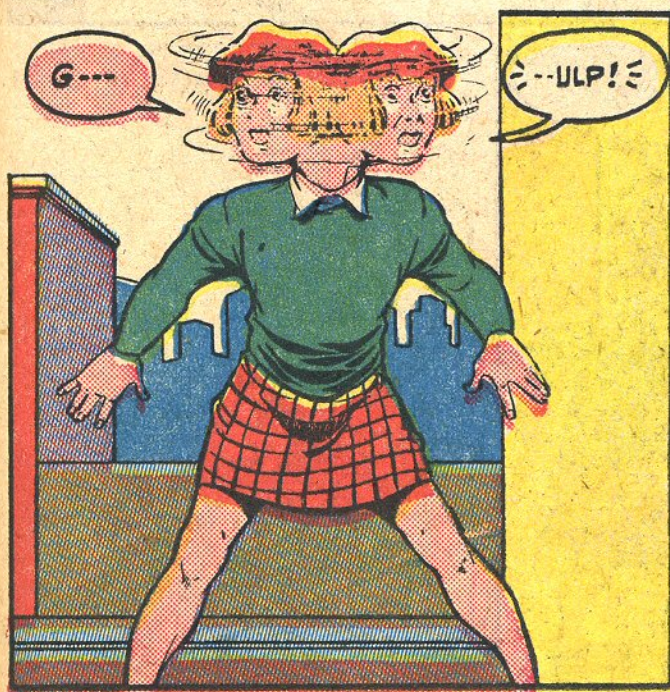
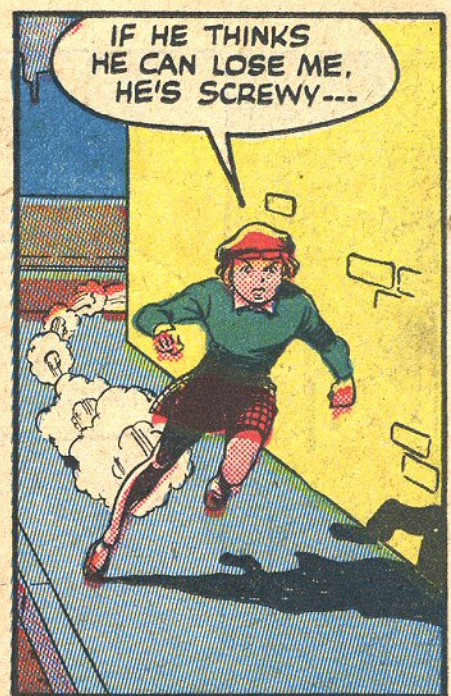
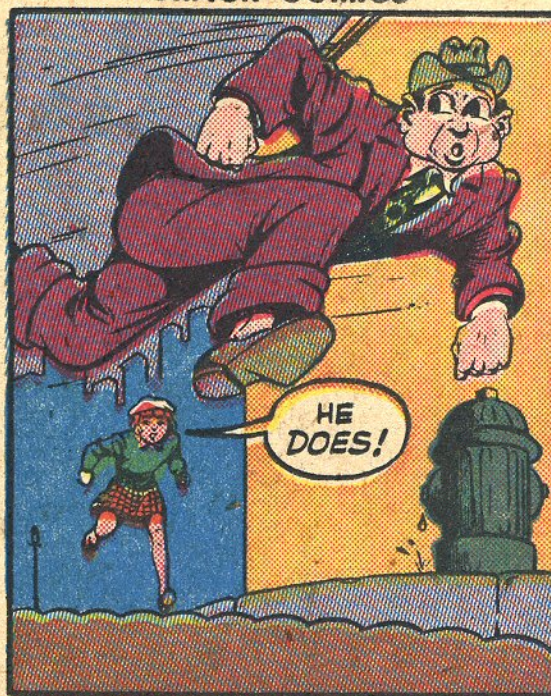
FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS, A SERIES OF CRIMES
HAS SWEEPED THE CITY! BOTH THE POLICE AND
THE CLOCK ARE BAFFLED!... BECAUSE THE ONLY CLUES ARE
FOOTPRINTS THAT VANISH IN THIN AIR!...



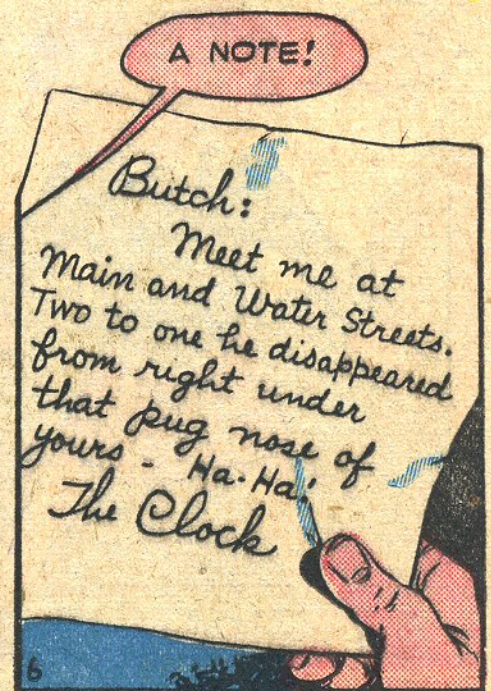
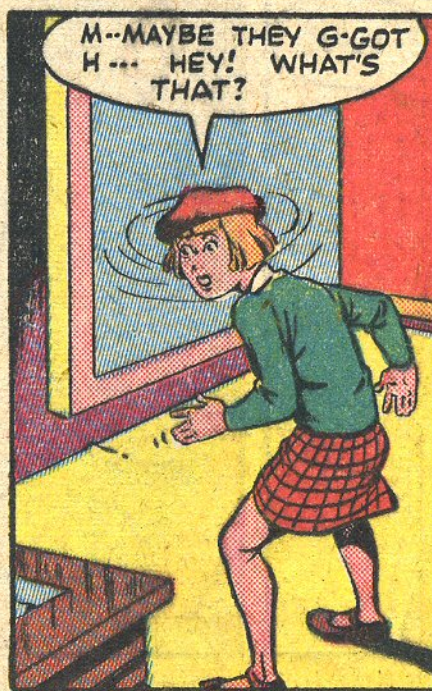
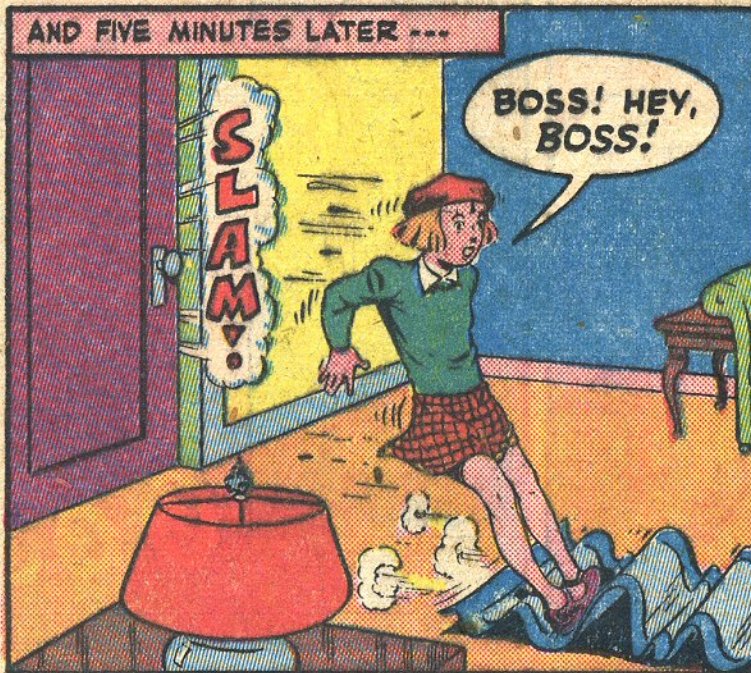
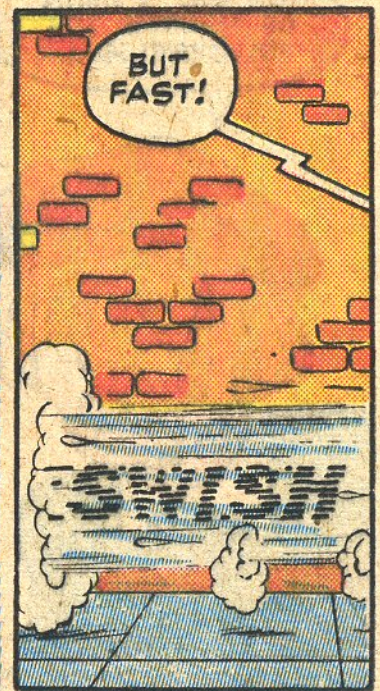


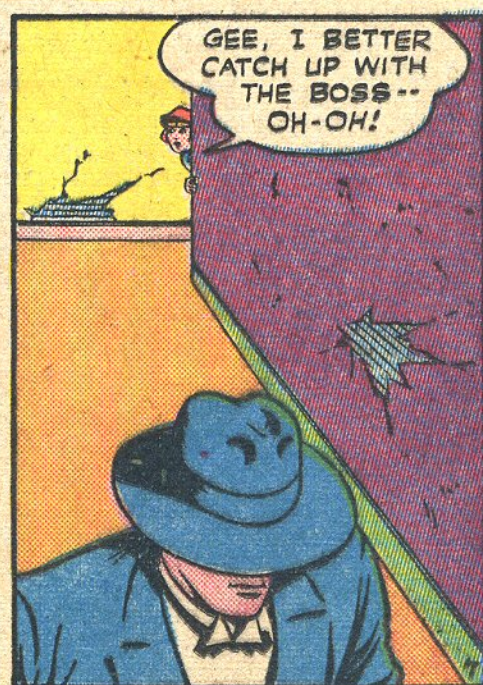
CRACK COMICS

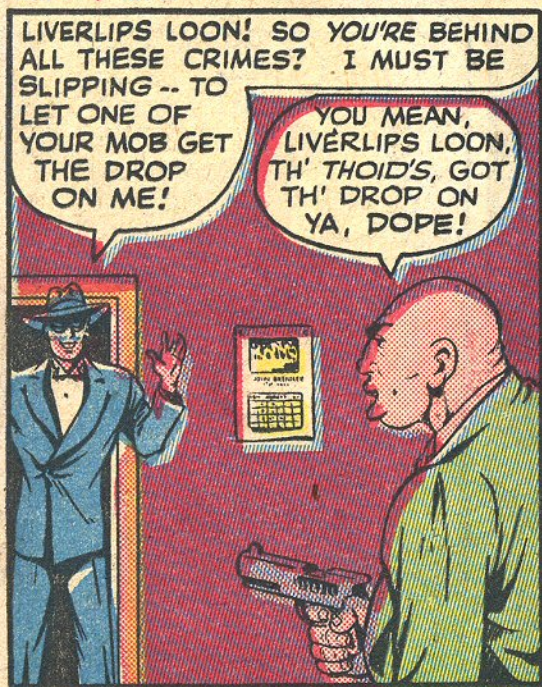
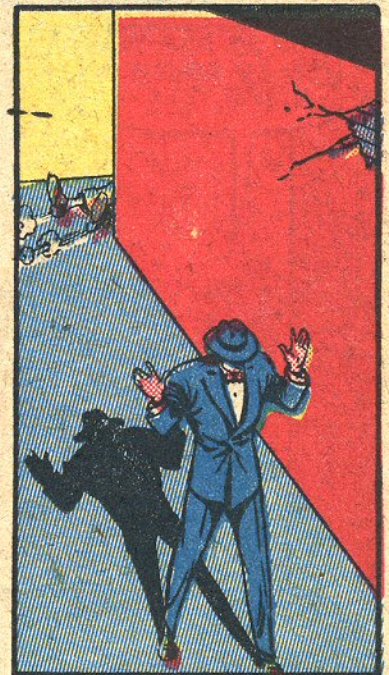
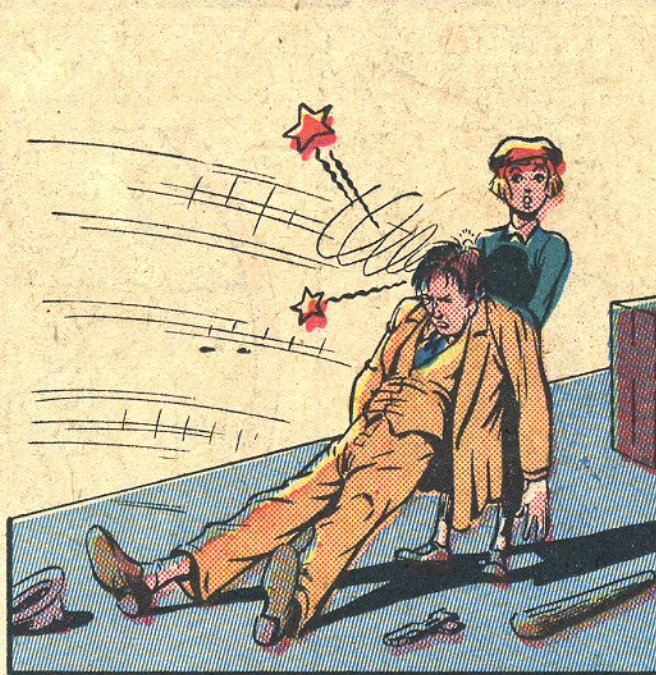
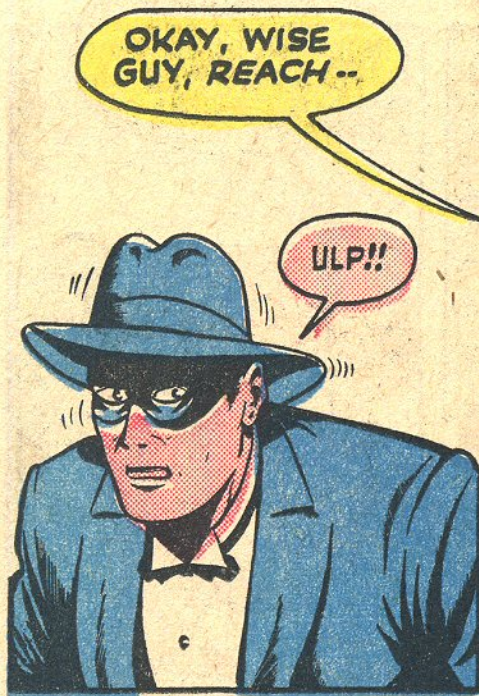


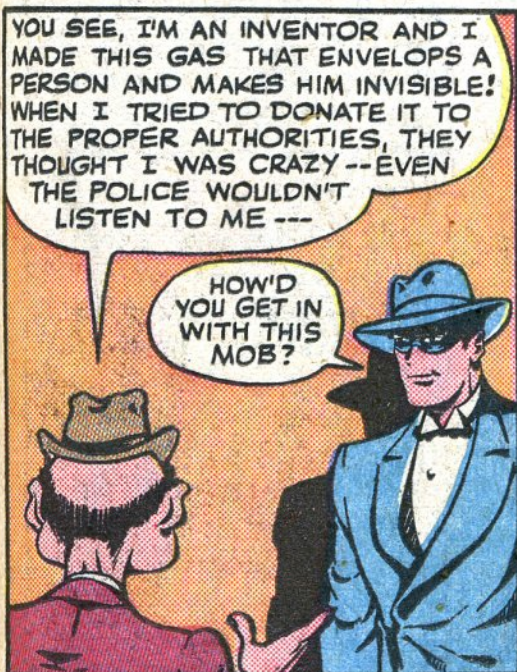


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FIRE for the ZYKES

WHEN Murchison told me this story, I put it down as the slightly wacky raving of a lunatic, or a man who had been quaffing some native drink to excess. But he told it to me with all sincerity, vouching for its authenticity, and assuring me of his own veracity.

It was last summer. We had just gone through a particularly heavy typhoon, or rather, simoon, since this had to do with the desert in a certain region of Asia. We had dug ourselves out of the mountain of sand that partially covered the sod house where we had made our quarters for the last five months. There had been no rain; only the terrible sand blowing a 100 miles an hour, cutting with teeth like razors against the single sheet of glass that let in a bit of light. We had been living like moles in that earthen prison, and to be shut in for five hours without going abroad seemed indeed like living in some medieval dungeon.

The wind fell almost as suddenly as it began, and an unearthly quiet settled across the vast desert. Dust still made the sky a dull coppery color, and the heat was stifling.

We dug sand out of our ears, eyes and noses and skimmed a layer of it off our tiny spring of drinking water inside the dugout. That precious spring was a wonderful thing; it was the only one within 90 miles.

Our duties in this lonely spot were few. We had a powerful short-wave radio with which we picked up all messages from the enemy and relayed them in code to our own lines. I had just closed the set for the night, feeling that there would be little of value

coming in after midnight, and taken a seat outside the dugout where Berney O'Donnell had already built a small fire. The evenings are often extremely cold in this part of the world, though the days might be well above 120 degrees.

I sat for a time smoking, and thinking about how nice it would be to be back in the States, when a big bomber roared over, blinking red and green lights at us, which told us that this was one of our own ships bringing supplies.

It was light enough to see the small parachute open and begin its slow drop toward us, with the big bundle dangling below. We both went out to retrieve it.

It was our two-weeks' supply of food. When we had deposited it away, we took our seats again and Berney said, "Tonight reminds me of the night that we thought the bloody Zykes had us trapped. Ever hear of the Zykes, Larry?"

"No." I shook my head. I'd heard of every tribe in Asia, or thought I had; but never the Zykes. "Who are they? Where do they live?" I asked.

"Up yonder." Berney jabbed a thumb in the general direction of north. "Up beyond the Ice Mountains. You probably never been up that way; few people have. And it's no place to be caught, let me tell you!"

It was just about this time three years ago (Berney began) that Eric Vale and I took the pasar up that way looking for diamonds. Darn few persons know that there are diamonds in that wild region, and that's just as well, too, be-

cause you can't get them out. And the country is full of them.

"What do you mean?" I blurted. "You say full of diamonds, and yet you can't get them out?"

Berney nodded. That is the situation, he went on. All the diamonds you can carry, but you can't even carry one little chip out.

I was intrigued. "Listen, Berney, if this is one of your wild tales that has no ending, better keep it to yourself. I know your propensity for telling tall ones."

Berney shook his head. Not at all, he assured me. This was the real McCoy.

We reached this place (he went on) about sundown of a September day. It was hot. Blazing hot. And we were dragged out from the terrible climb which had begun in the morning of the day preceding. Those mountains are 35,000 feet high. Well, not quite that, but they seem so.

Up there it was cool when night fell. By midnight we were shivering under all our covers. A fire wouldn't burn worth a thing, because the air was too light to sustain flame. Even our pipes kept going out.

We had just eaten a cold snack and bedded down for the night when we heard the gosh-awfullest scream you ever listened to. It came from above us; we were not quite to the summit of the ridge, feeling that it would be colder up there, with the wind howling and all.

This scream brought us both up, grabbing for our guns. Now, I've heard panthers scream, and a lot of other wild beasts, but this

beat anything either of us had ever heard before.

Eric said, "What the devil is that, Berney?"

Search me, I said. Sounded like some kind of animal.

Eric didn't think so. Sounded more like some kind of wild woman.

We waited. But the scream didn't come again, so pretty soon we dropped off. I dreamed about a terrible hag that breathed fire that night.

The next morning we looked for tracks of the monster, but there were none because the surface of the whole region was almost solid rock.

We kept our senses alert that day, you can bet. Didn't take any chances of an ambush. I couldn't get that scream out of my mind. It had sounded uncanny, unreal. I never was very superstitious, but there was something about that ordeal last night that made my spine tingle. I think Eric felt the same way, but he said nothing about it.

The Ice Mountains are so named because they are filled with ice caves and in the winter I imagine they are ice-capped. From the summit we could barely see the lower reaches of the great valley that spread before us, to the north. You got the idea that you were the first man who ever stood there. And that may be the truth.

You see, we didn't know anything about these Zykes until later. That isn't their real names, but Eric gave it to them because they reminded him of some mythical people in a fairy tale. We never did learn their name, because we couldn't understand a thing they said, when we did meet up with them.

That meeting came just one day after we began our trek down the northern slopes of the moun-

tains. We reached the valley floor and found a nice camp site along a little babbling stream. We were tired, so we lay down a while, listening to strange birds that didn't sing but made croaking sounds. We saw one of them once, and I swear it was a nightmare sort of creature. Eric said it looked like a prehistoric pterodactyl, whatever that is.

We didn't do much that day but rest. In the morning we'd set out, looking for diamonds.

Bright and early the next morning, however, we woke up with the feeling that something, or someone, was staring at us. I sat up first, then Eric came out of the fog. We didn't see anything at first, then from every side a horde of fierce looking men came toward us. They were dressed like cavemen, in furs. They carried huge clubs and spears. And about their necks and in their ears were enormous diamonds—rough, uncut stones that would weigh 50 or a 100 carats!

My eyes nearly popped when I saw all that ice. And Eric let out a whistle. These men simply came up to within a few rods of us and stopped, looking quizzically.

I lifted my right hand in the universal sign of friendship, but nothing happened. I took a step forward. The leader of that pack then stepped out from his fellows and came up to me and looked me all over, pointing at my clothes, shoes, wrist watch, gun. He began making funny sounds which I took for talk. I said something back.

The chap almost jumped. I pointed to one of his diamonds, worth several thousand bucks. He grinned, but shook his head.

Eric tried some foreign talk, but it didn't do any good. When it looked as if they were about to move off, we fell in with them. This didn't seem to bother them,

so we went on. We figured maybe they'd lead us to more of those rocks.

An hour later they came up to some big caves gouged out of solid ice in the mountainside. Here is where they lived. We entered one of the caves. Several other ferocious looking men were eating—raw food. I whistled. They were indeed cavemen! We hung around all day. Then at sundown, they motioned us into one of the caves. Ah, now I thought, we would learn something!

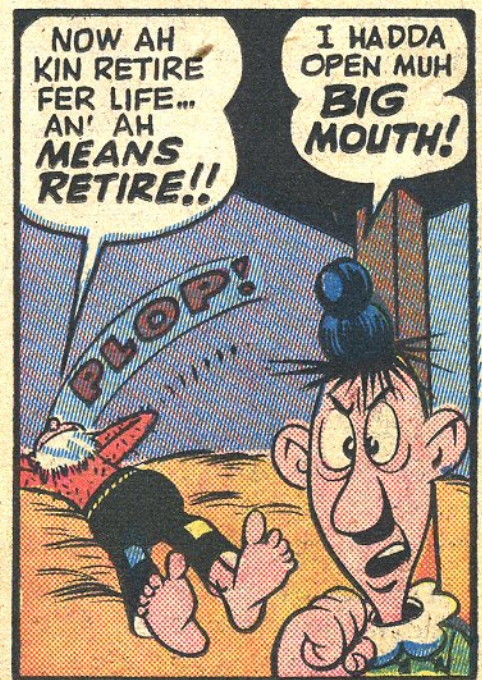
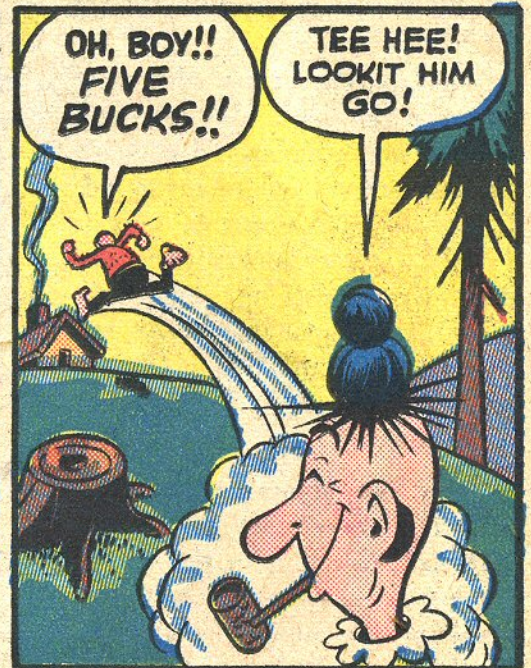
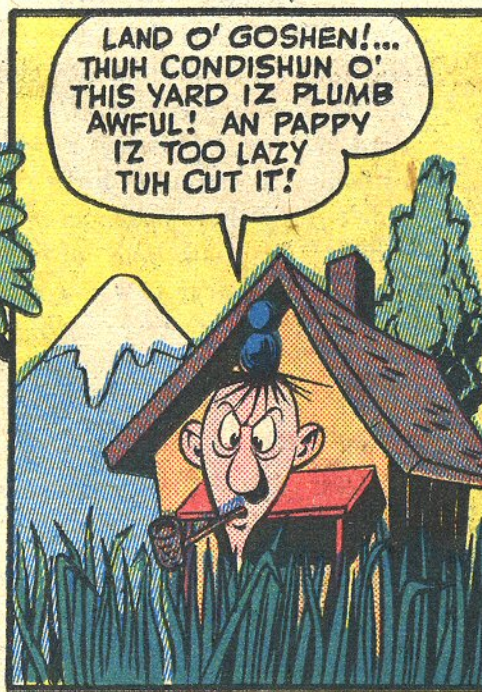
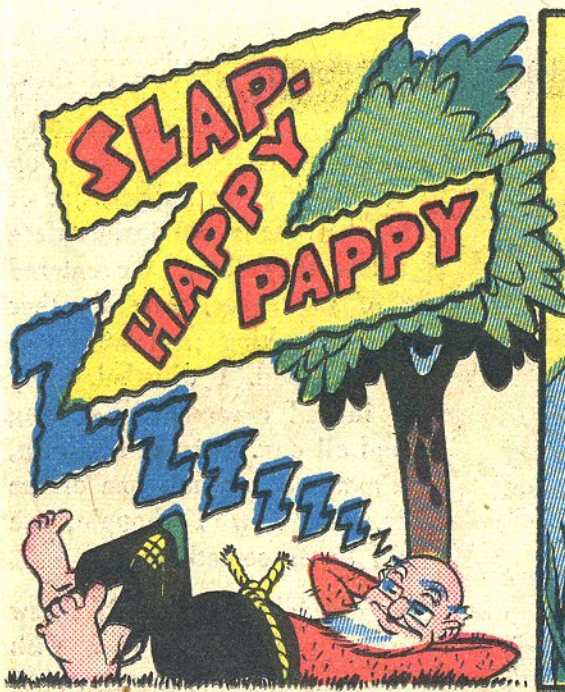
We did. They practically threw us inside, and fastened us in with thick ropes of some hempen stuff that they wound back and forth across the cave entrance. We waited until things had quieted down, then Eric struck a match and set the ropes on fire. Almost at once they burst into lively flame and soon the entire cave mouth was a blaze of bright light.

They began yelling like Indians, and through the glare we could see them jumping and stamping and pointing. They had never seen fire! Then in a body they went screaming off across the valley. We got out and made for the eastern ramparts of the mountain. We knew that this was our best move for the time.

Where they had been sleeping outside their caves, we built a nice roaring campfire, just as a reminder to them, and took ourselves off into the night.

"You've never been back?" I asked.

O'Donnell shook his head forlornly. "Eric and I flew over the valley several times last year. Something terrible had happened. An earthquake had shaken down the mountains, and the valley had become a part of a low flat ridge. I guess the Zykes were all buried under millions of tons of earth and rocks—and all those diamonds!"



BEELY BUMBLE

Betty Bumble has just returned from another date with the son of Colonel Bustis T. Buxboy, the town's rich and tough old tycoon, much to the delight and approval of Pa Bumble...

BOY!!
SIS IS SURE
GETTIN' BIG-
LEAGUE
BOY-FRIENDS
THESE
DAYS!

AND WHY NOT? ...
WHEN IT COMES
TO CLASS,
SAVVY FAIRE,
AND ALL THEM
HYFALUTIN'
SHENANIGANS,
US BUMBLES
TAKES A BACK
SEAT FOR
NOBODY!

ESPECIALLY
THE
SHENANIGANS!

BART'S
A SWELL
CHAP!

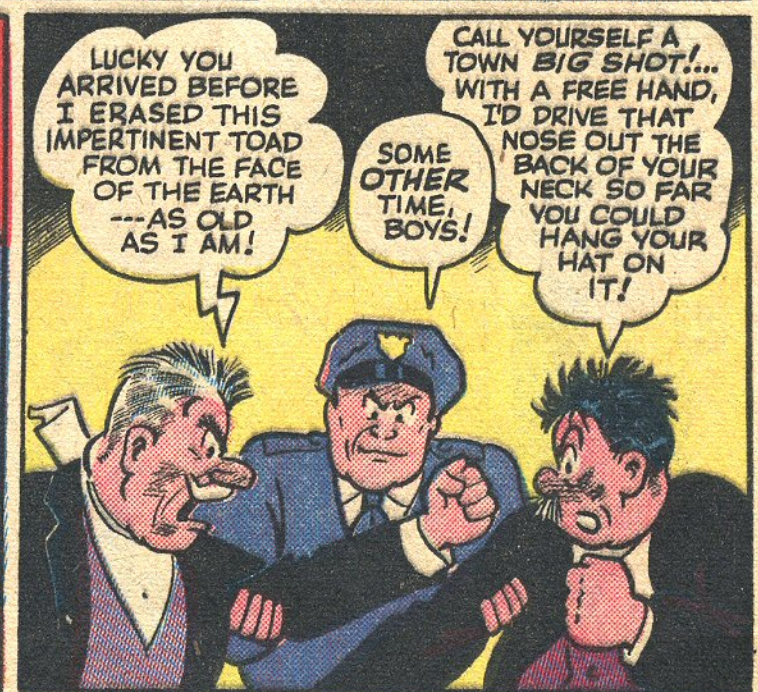
BUT BART, BACK
HOME, IS HAVING
A BIT OF
PATER TROUBLE...

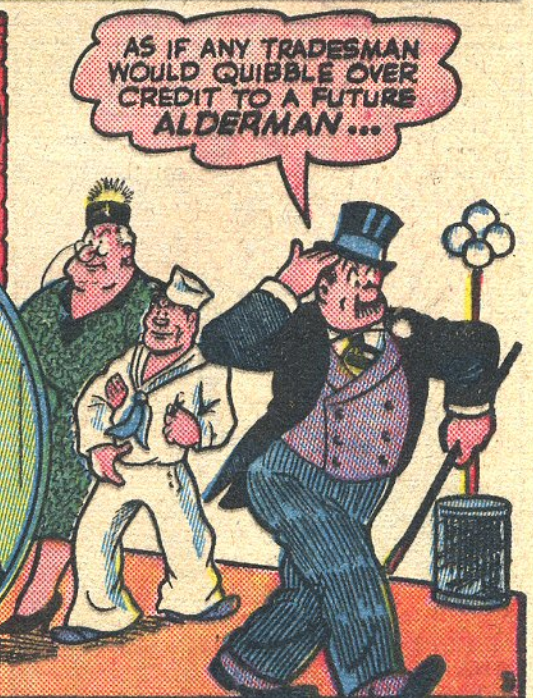
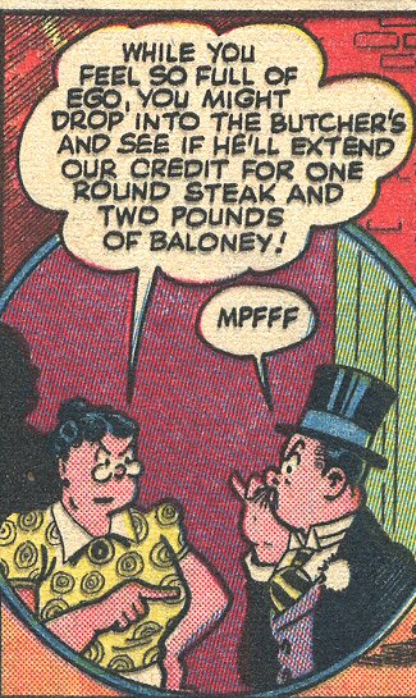
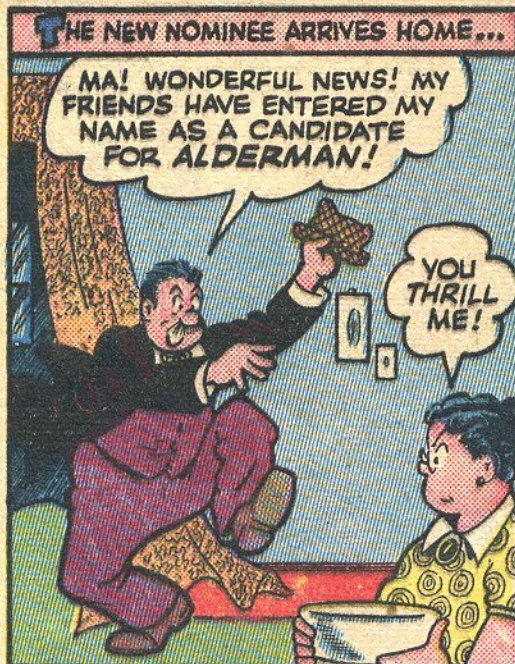
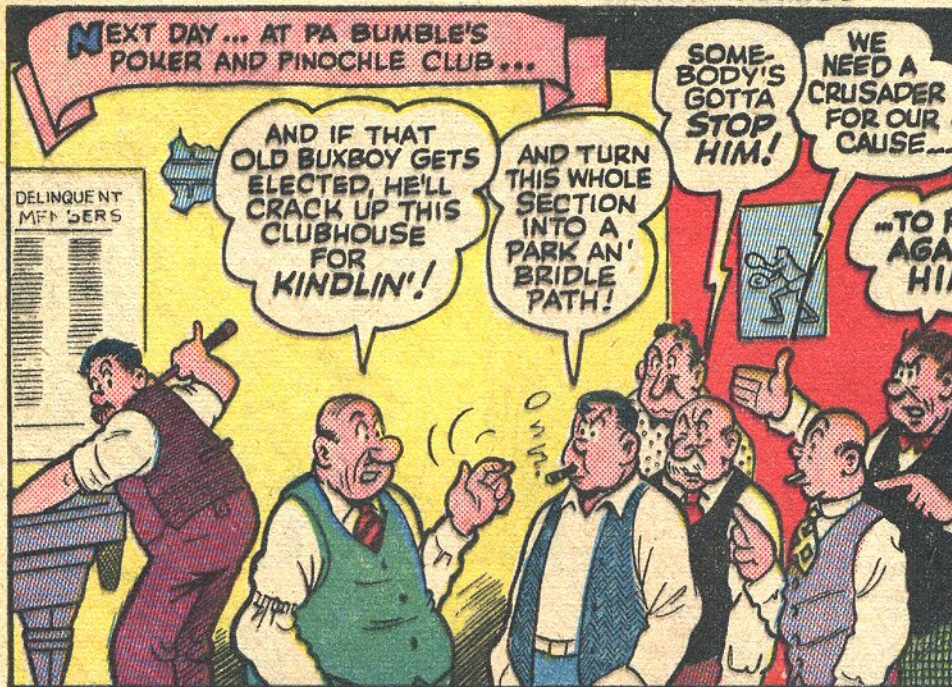
AS IF I DIDN'T
HAVE TRIALS ENOUGH--
YOU HAVE TO FALL
FOR A MEMBER
OF THAT BATTY
BUMBLE OUTFIT!

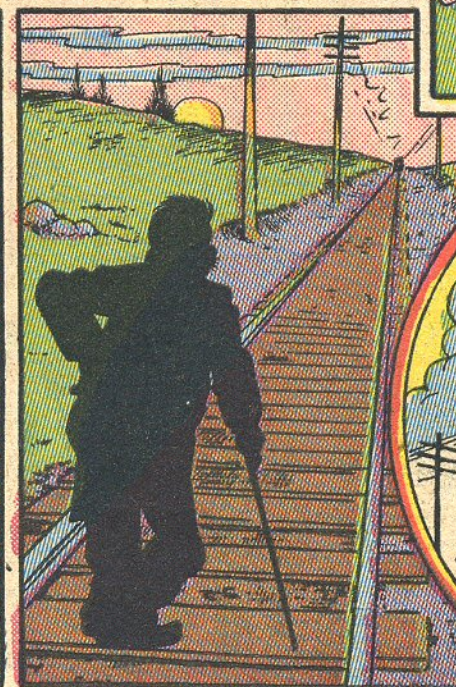
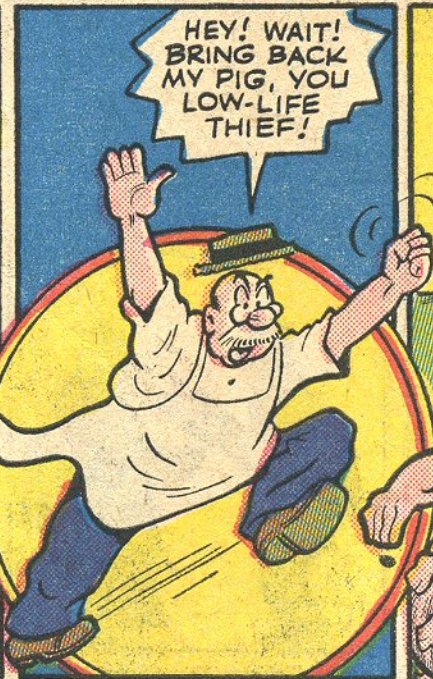
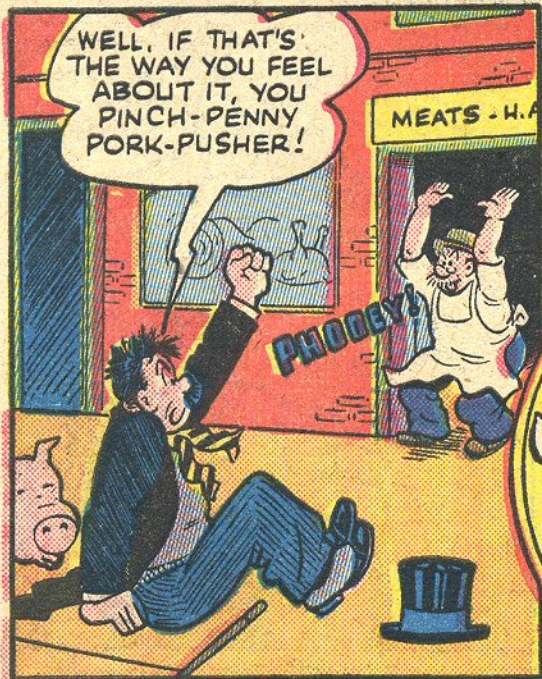
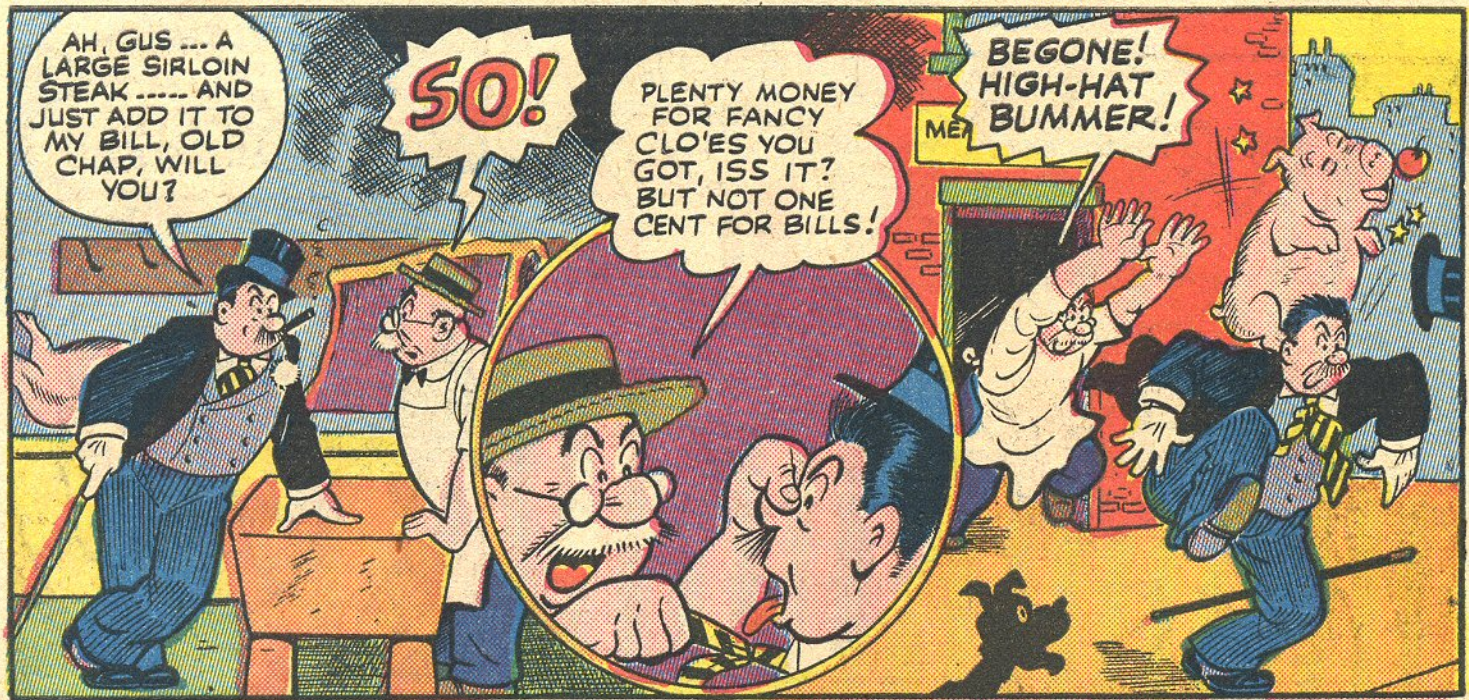
BUT
DAD...

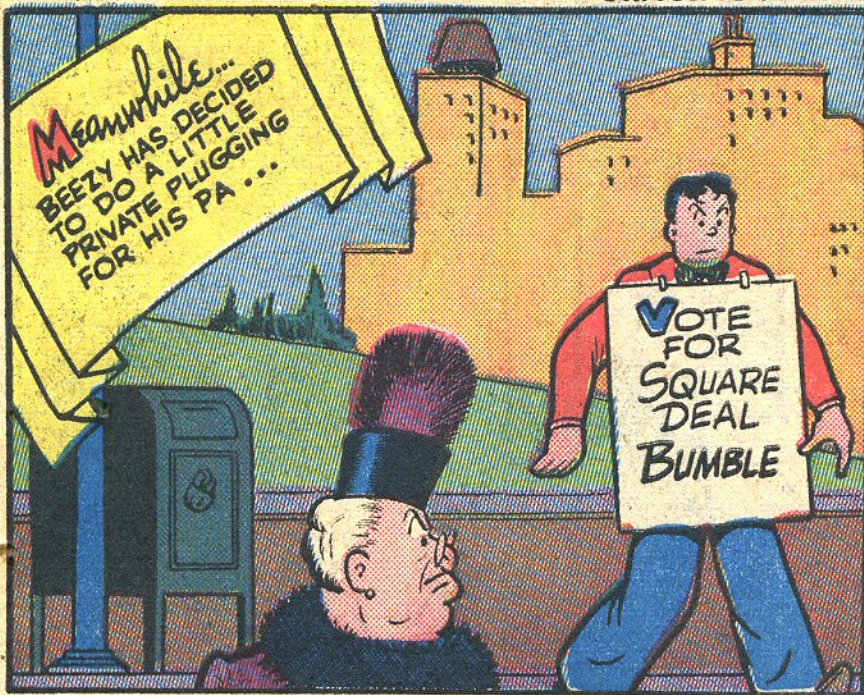
AND HERE I AM, ABOUT TO RUN
FOR ALDERMAN ... IF THE VOTERS
FIND MY SON COURTING CRACK-
POTS LIKE BUMBLES, I'LL
STAND THE SAME CHANCE AS
MACARTHUR HAS OF BEING
MADE A MIKADO!

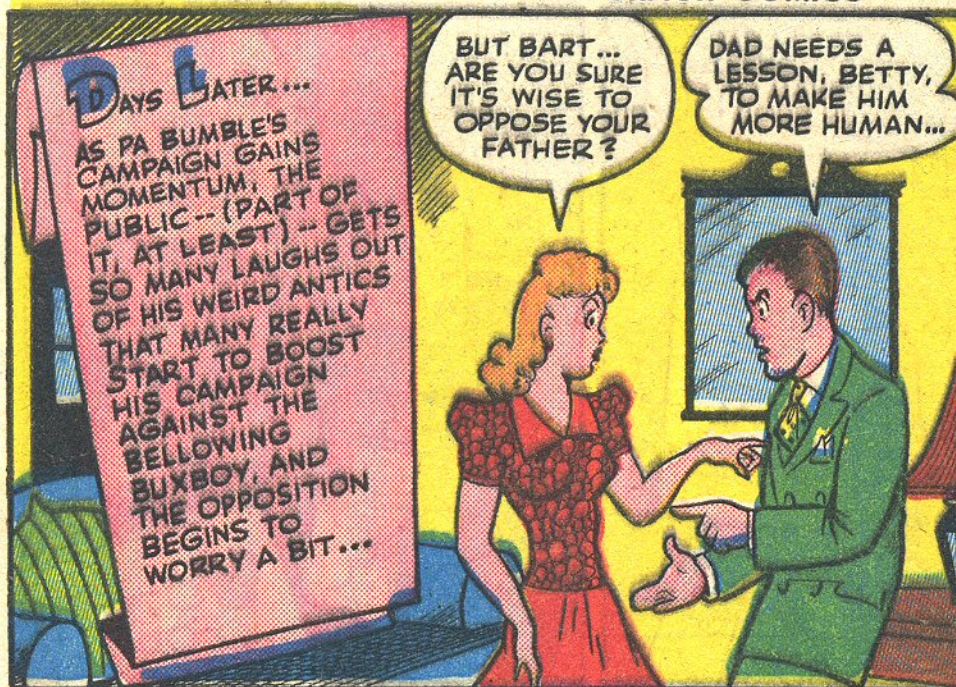
BUT
BETTY'S
NO
CRACK-
POT!

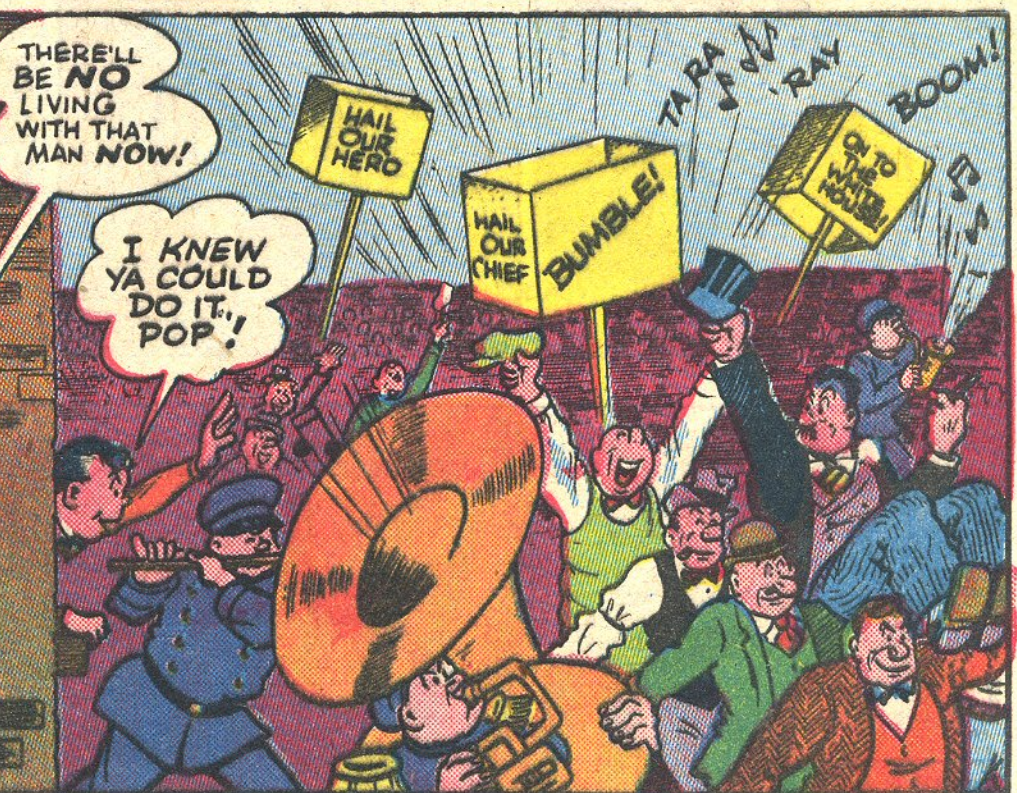
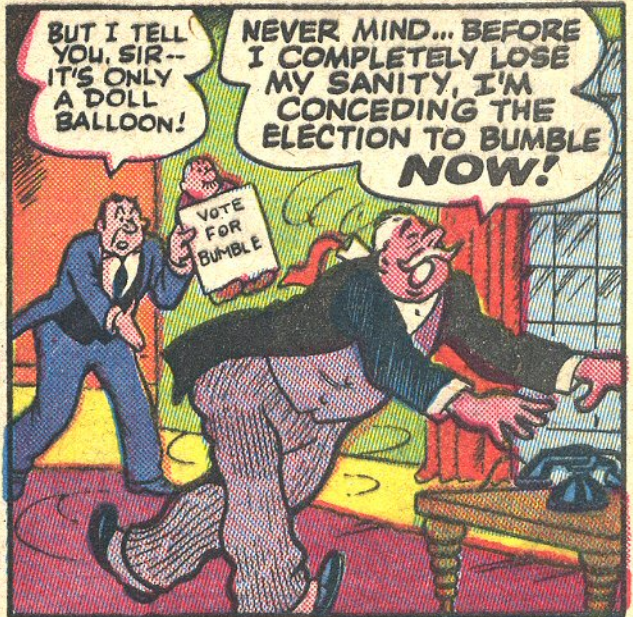
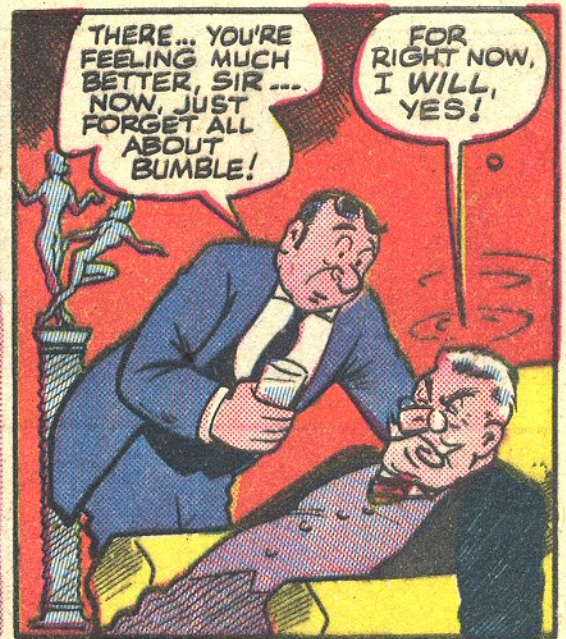
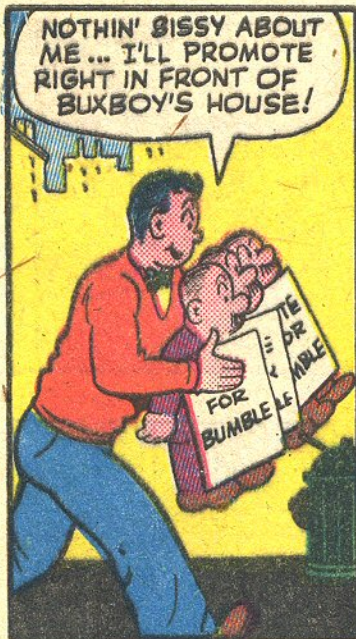


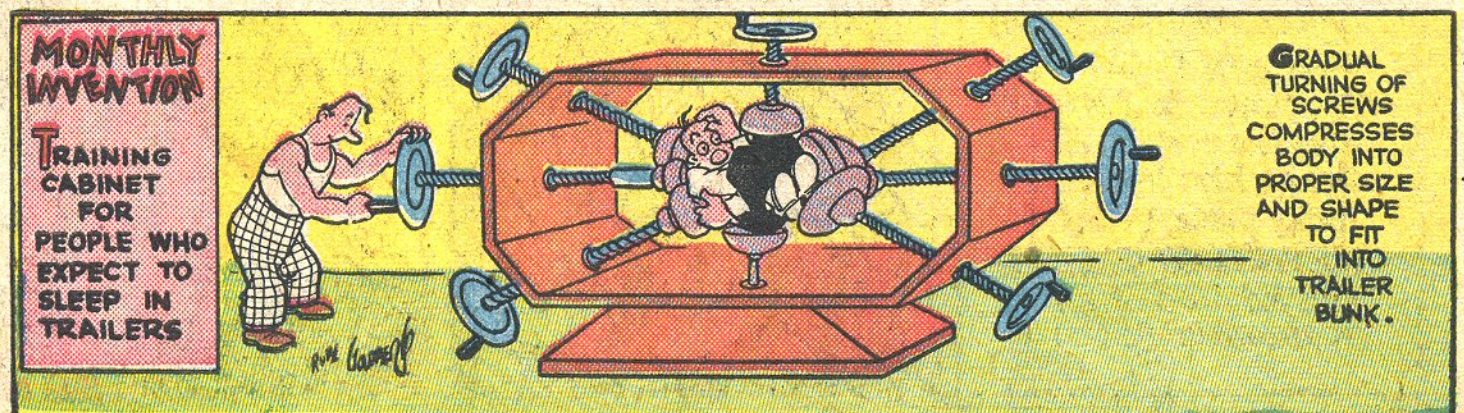
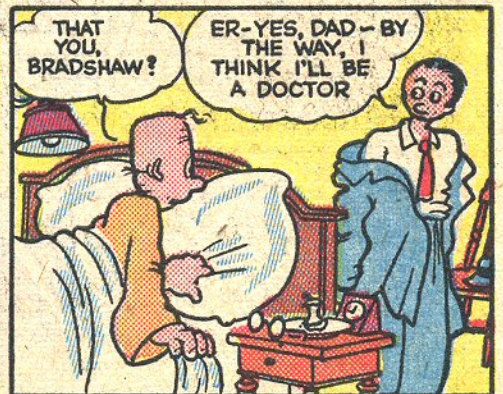
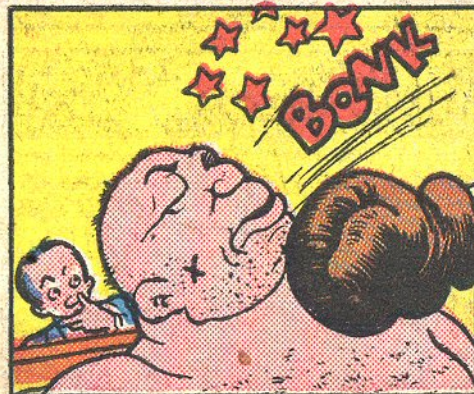
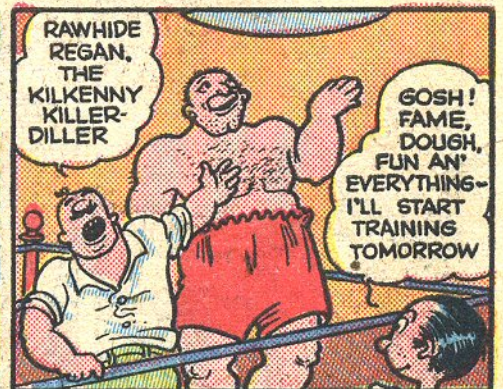
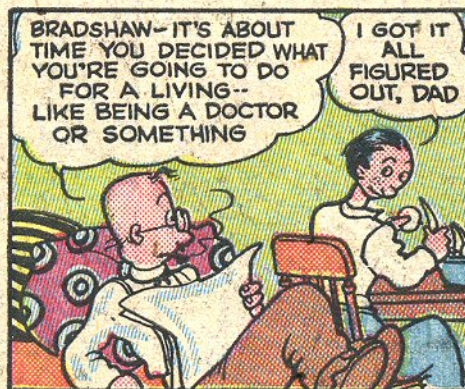
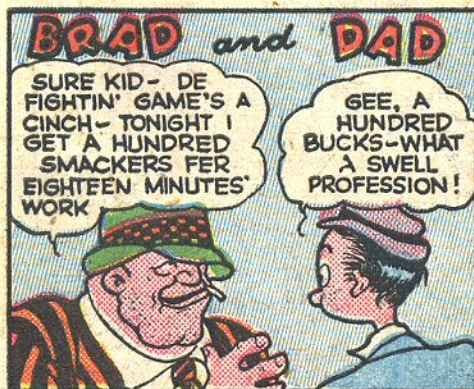
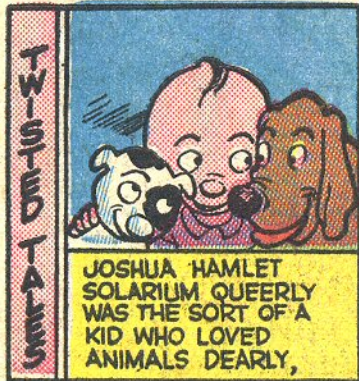
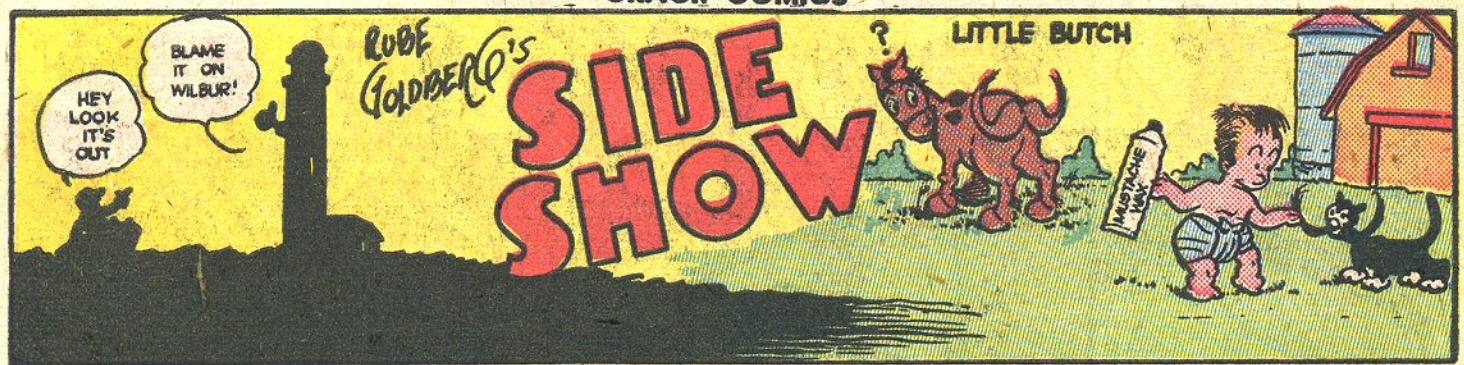




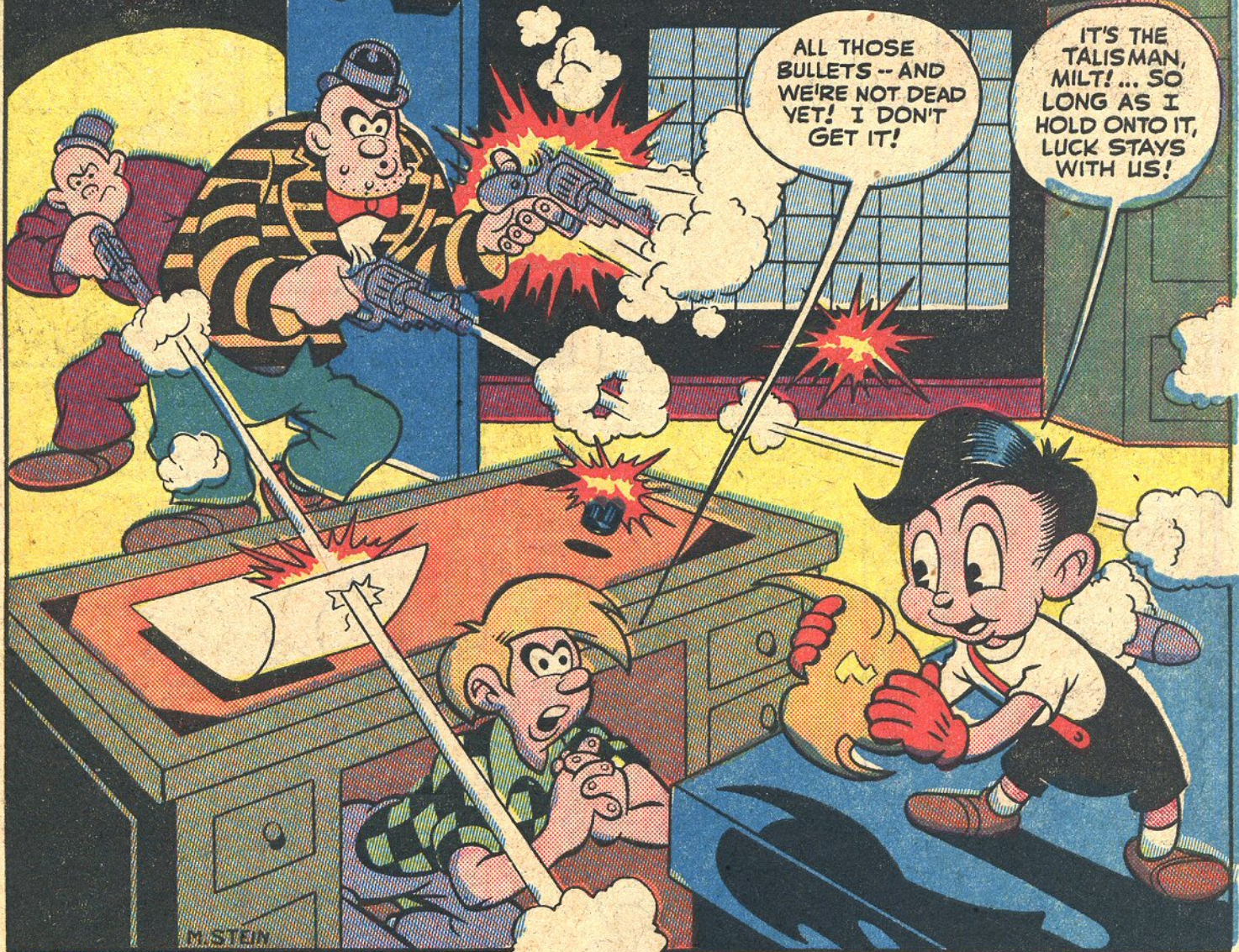








INKIE



Do you believe in LUCKY TOKENS?

Well, whether you do or not, it'll make your eyes pop to see what happened to **INKIE** and the artist who draws him, when a lucky piece, called the **JEWELLED TALISMAN**, strayed into their possession!

ONE MORNING, AS ARTIST **MILT** HURRIES THROUGH CROWDED GRAND CENTRAL STATION ON HIS WAY TO THE STUDIO ...

LATE AGAIN! I HOPE THE BOSS HASN'T COME IN YET!

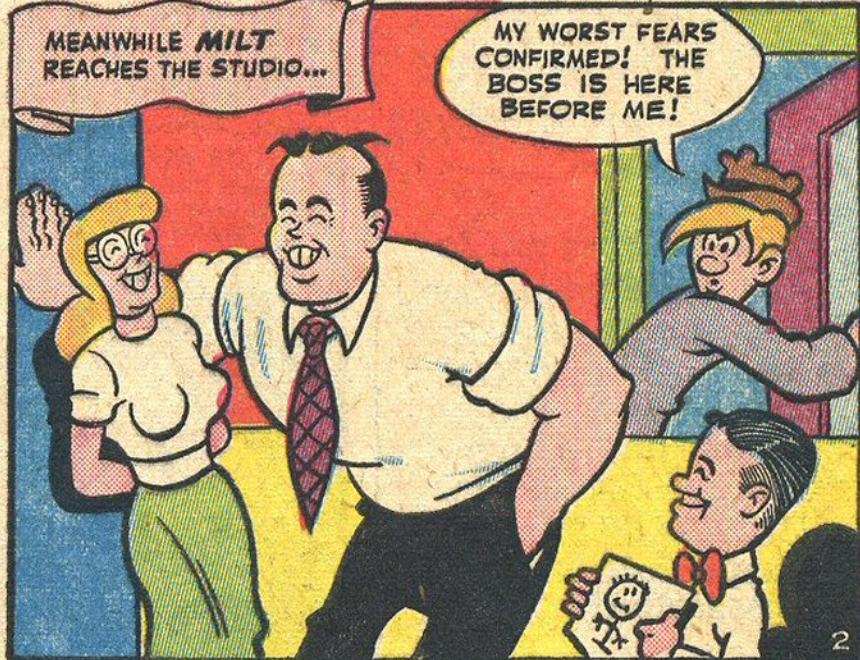
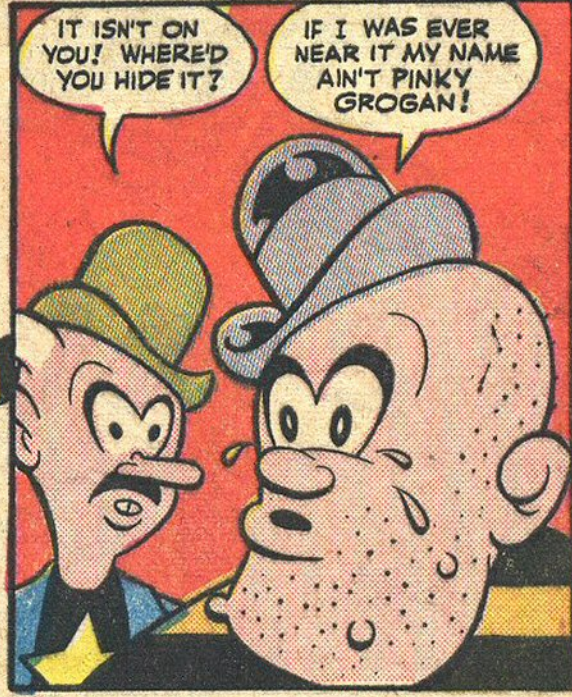
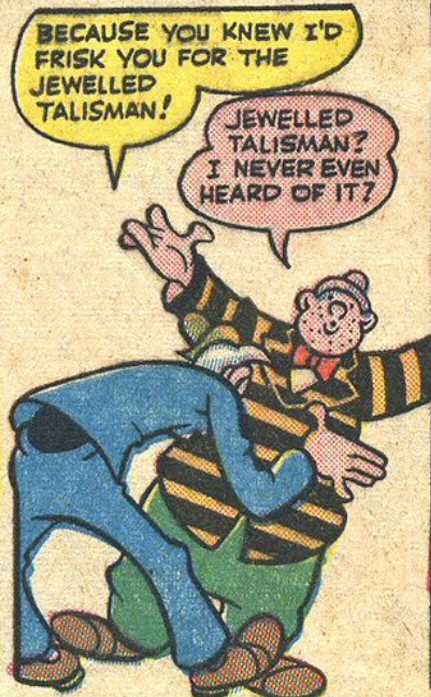


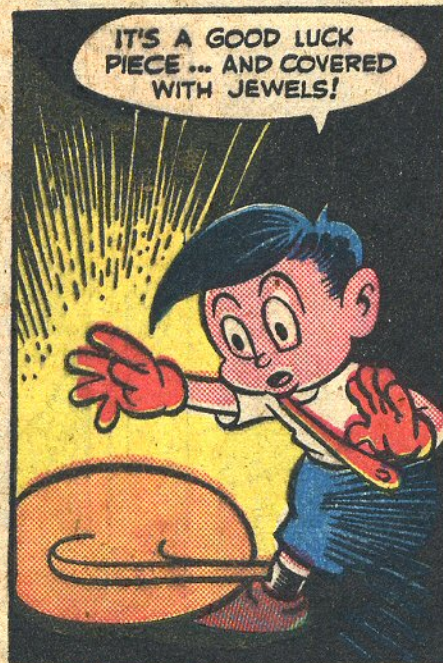
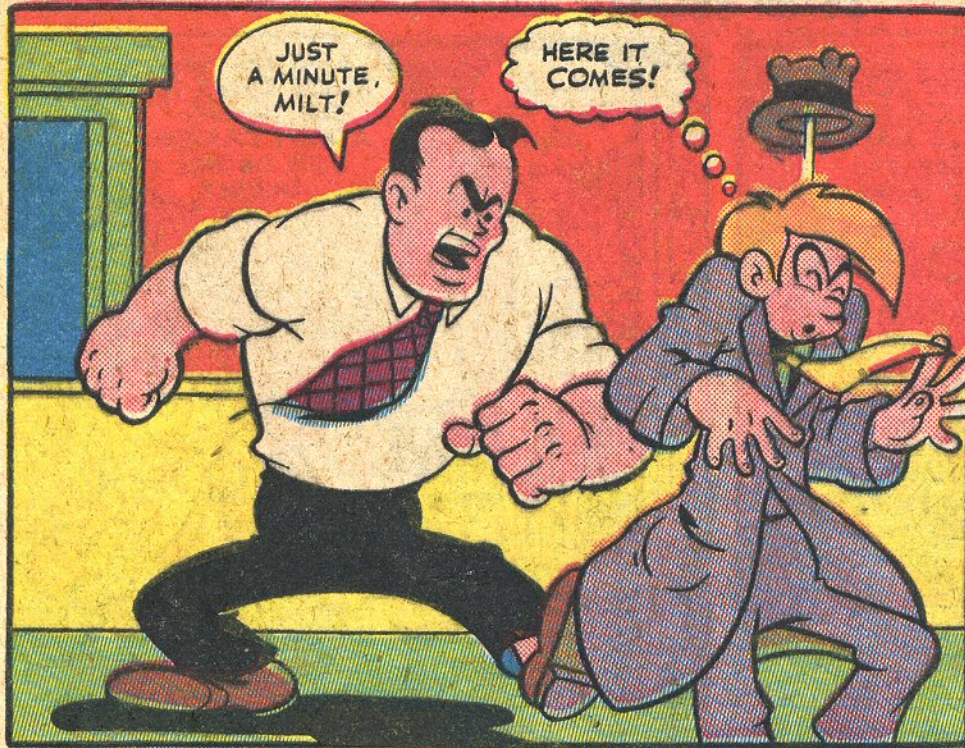
SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWD...

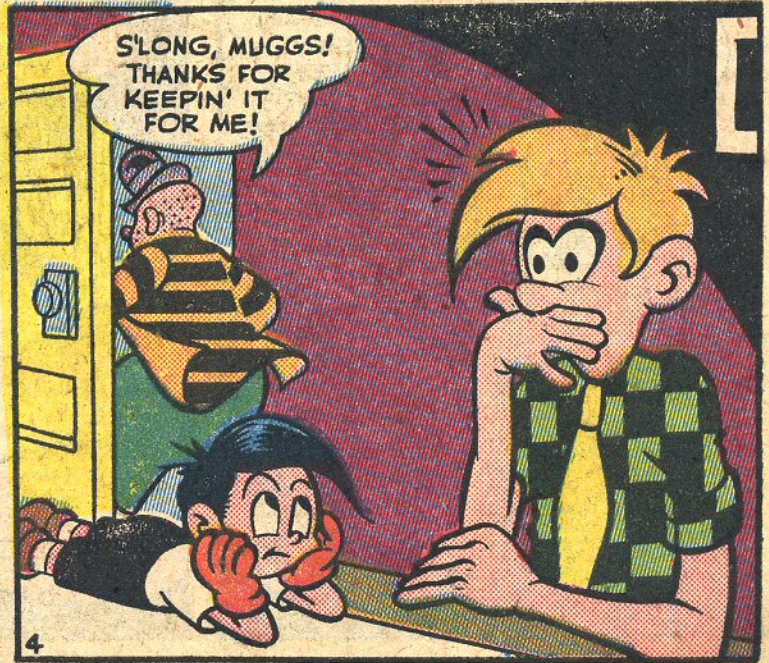
THERE'S NO GETTIN' AWAY FROM IT!

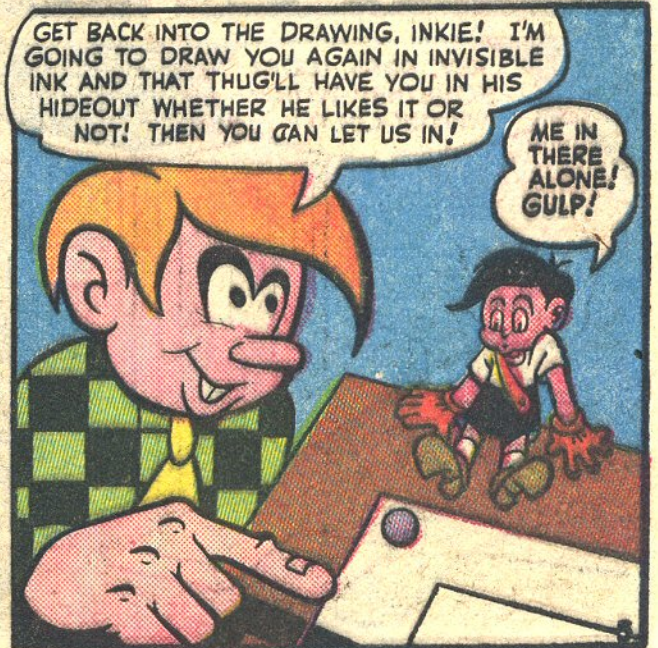
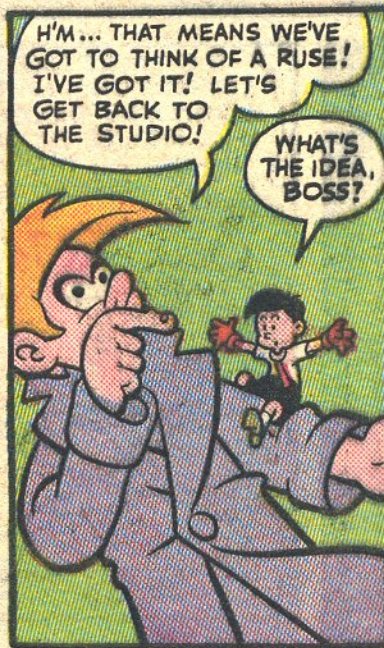
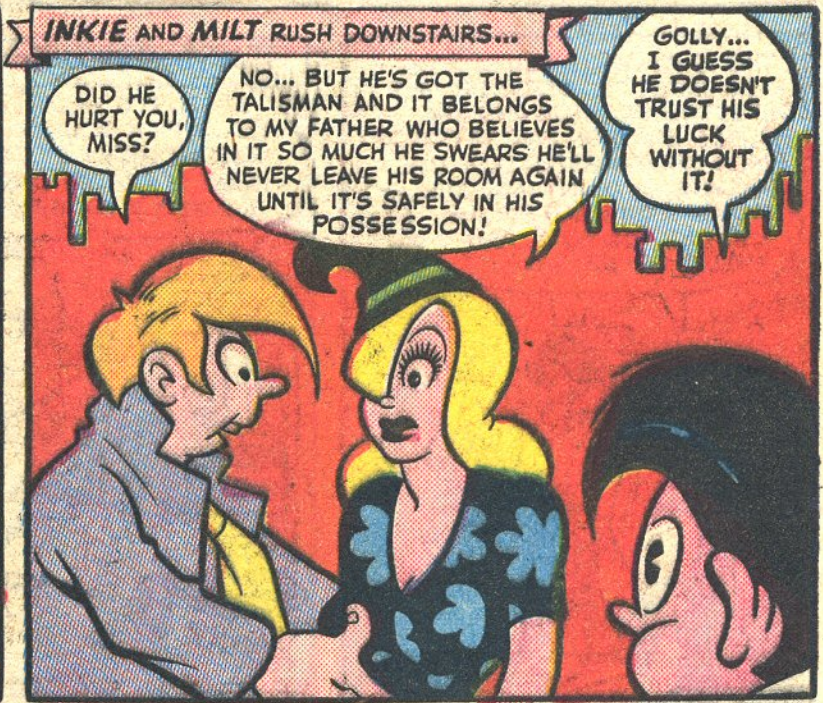
THAT'S A DICK TAILIN' ME ... AND ME WITH THE JEWELLED TALISMAN IN MY POCKET!



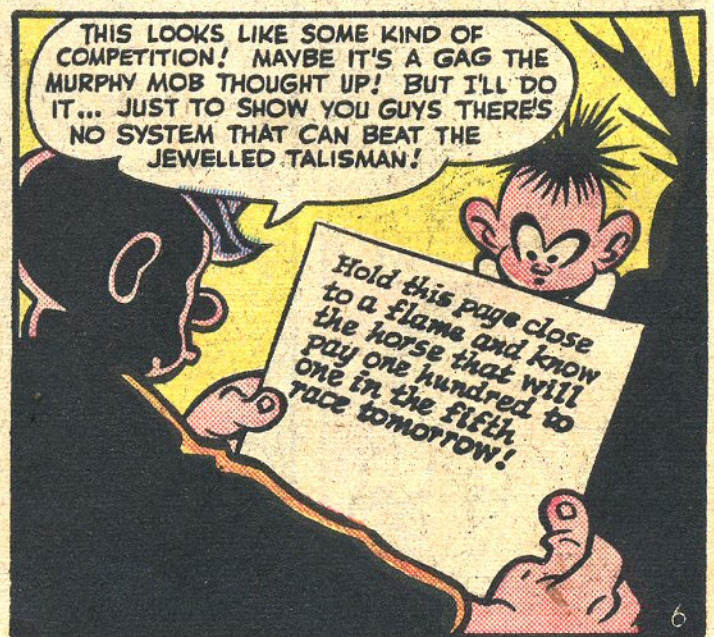
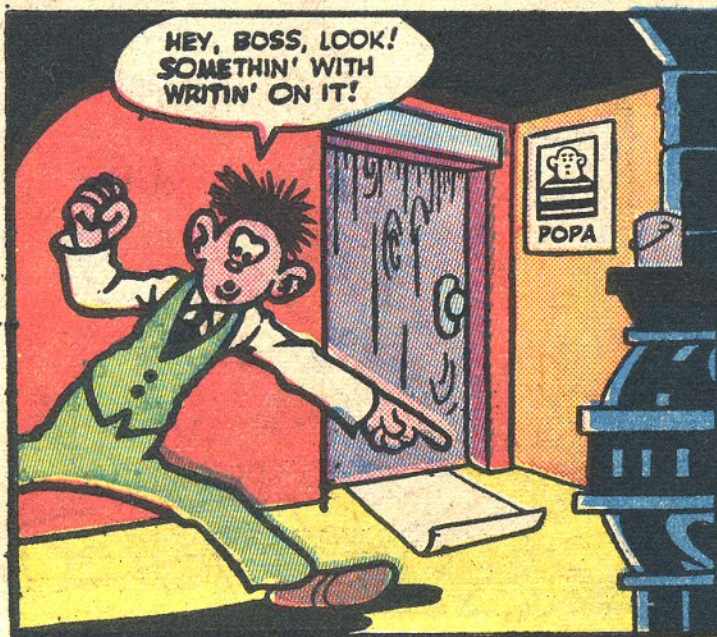
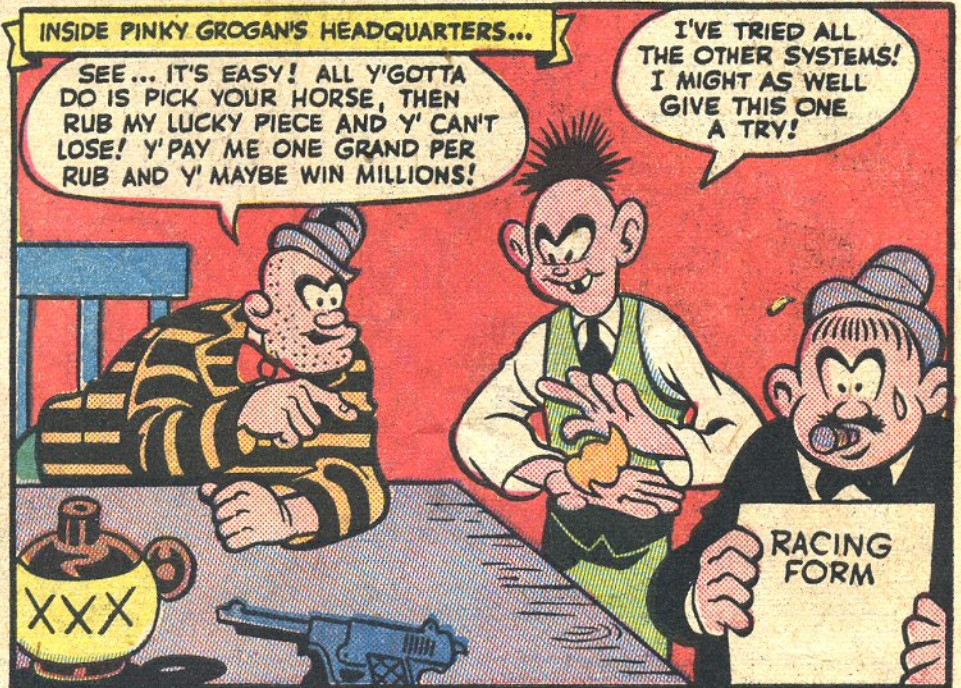


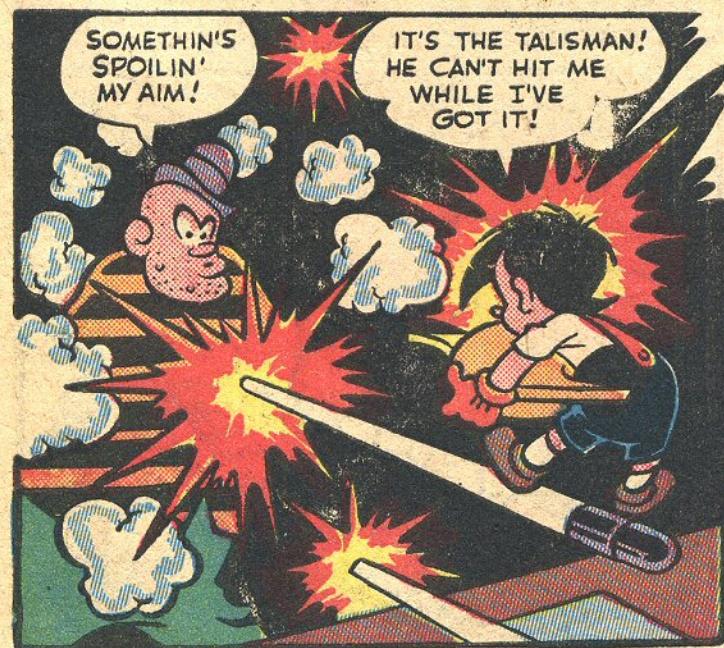
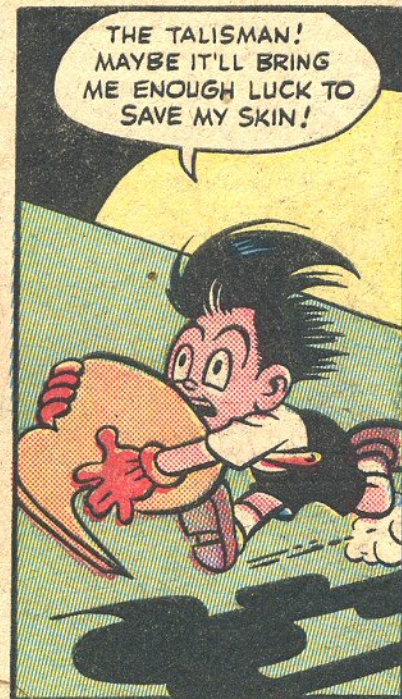
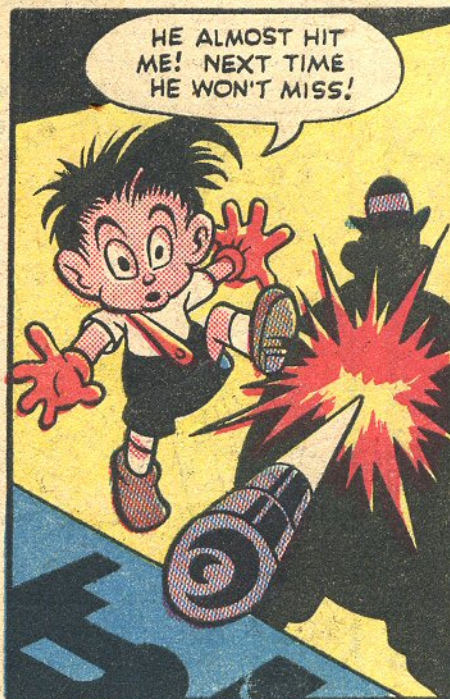
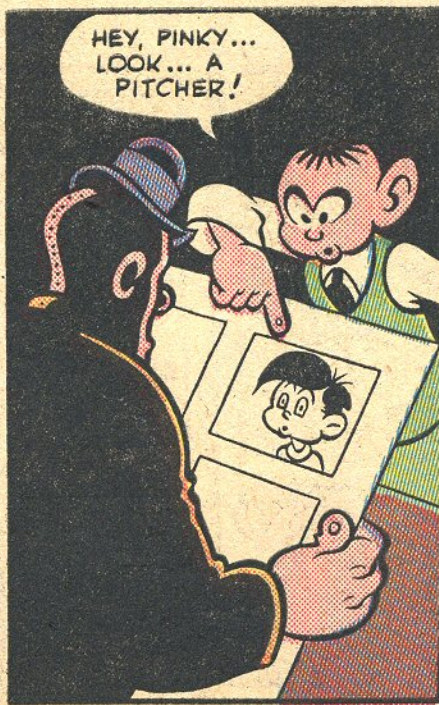




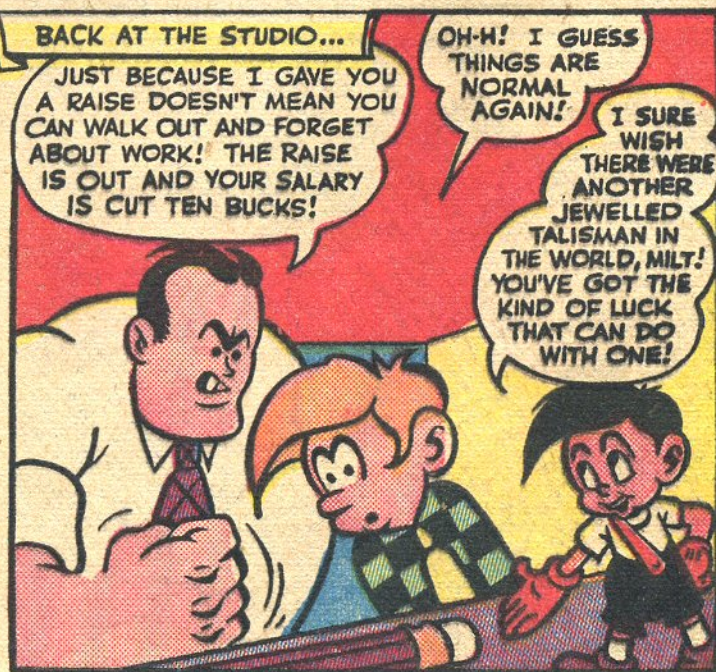
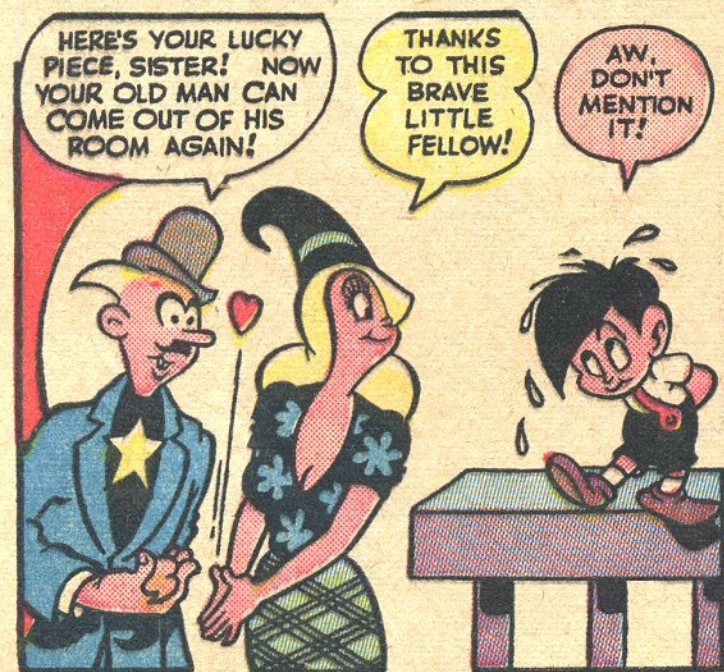
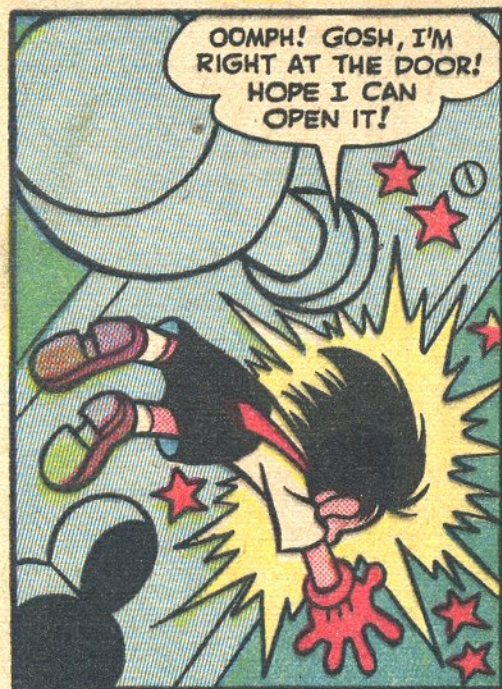


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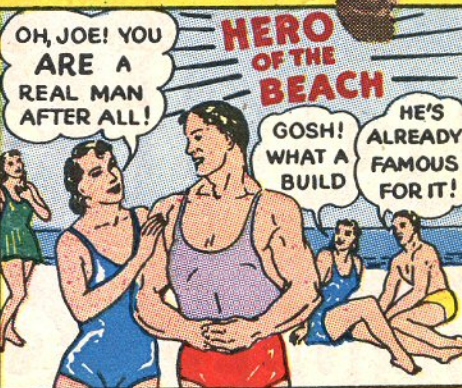
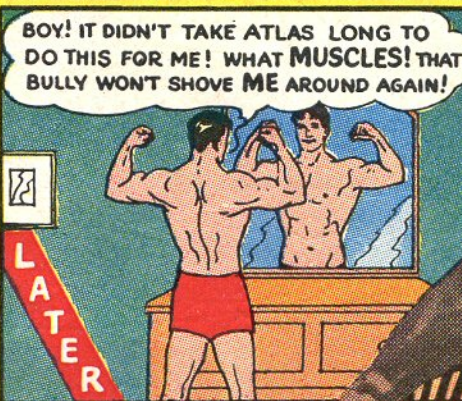
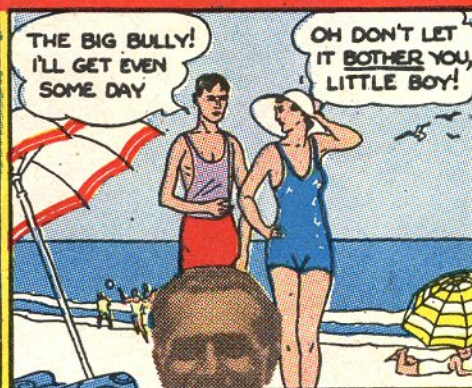
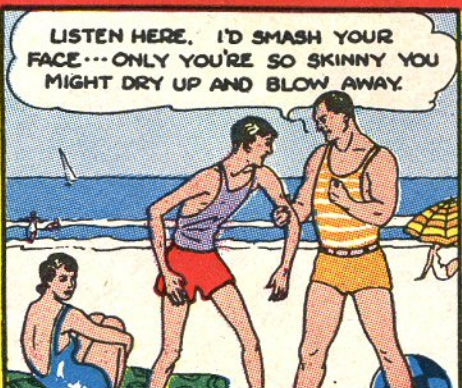
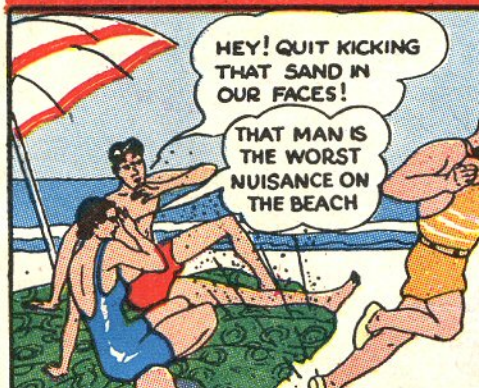


CRACK COMICS



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

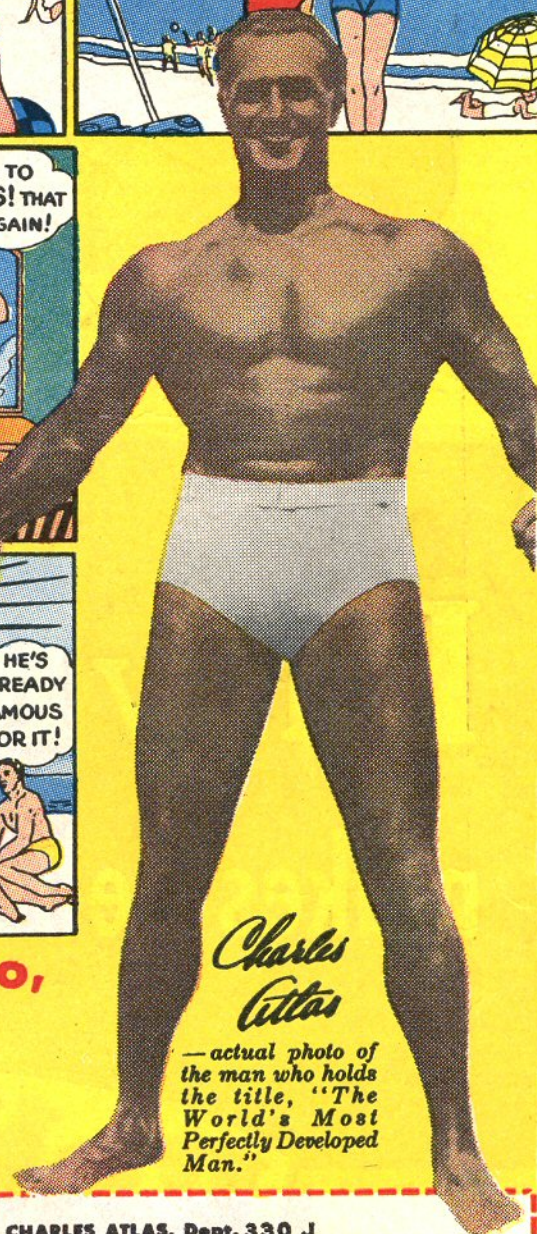
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

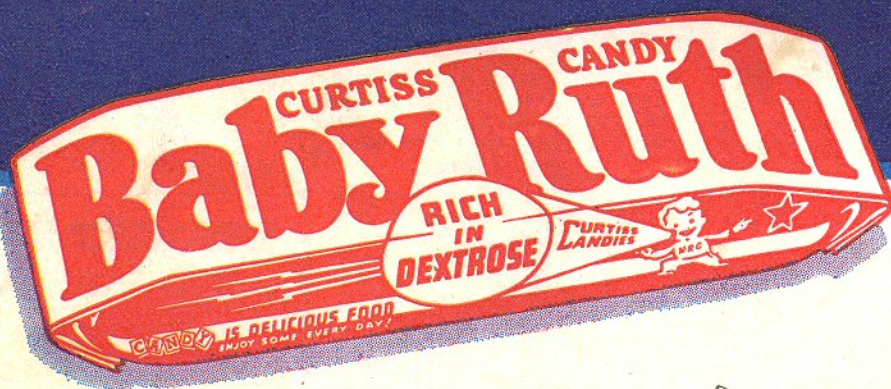
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